

Sports Illustrated

MAY 6, 1974 60 CENTS

MAYHEM ON THE ICE

Philadelphia Wars with New York



"I tried it and it's true."

Barry Ryan
Miami, Florida



Long lazy years of aging . . . the finest grains . . . and no cut corners make Ten High a bourbon straight and true. Its rich aroma and smooth light taste make it a real value. That's why it sips easy. And that's why people say: "I'm glad I tried Ten High. And that's the truth."

TEN HIGH

Bourbon Straight and True

© 1973 Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

Cut out these pictures

...see how these mini
tape players fit
your small car.

MODEL TM213S Engineered for under-dash installation in tight spaces found in many compact and foreign cars. Its big beautiful voice comes with tone control, Has balance control, and dual volume control, in a compact solid state unit. Shown actual size (just 7.5" deep).



Now big, beautiful sound in small Motorola packages shown actual size



MODEL TM215S Same super compact styling as Model TM213S. Also has big voice with tone control, balance control, dual volume control, plus the extra convenience of slide controls and program repeat switch. Has solid state chassis. Shown actual size (just 7.8" deep).

When you hear the beautiful big sound of these mighty Motorola minis, you know that going to something smaller needn't mean going second class. They're engineered to meet the demand for quality in smaller sizes called for in today's trend toward smaller cars.



MOTOROLA
SOMETHING ELSE in sound on wheels

INVEST IN PRECIOUS METAL.



One of the smartest places to invest your hard-earned dollars these days is in a '74 Volkswagen.

A Volkswagen is sensibly priced—\$2625.*

It yields great dividends when you drive it—it uses little gas and pints of oil instead of quarts.

And a VW gives you an extraordinary return on your investment—the average 1972 Beetle retails¹ for about as much today as it did new.

Of course, if you prefer, you can keep your Volkswagen as a long-term investment—there are a lot of VWs on the road with over 100,000 miles on them.

Which shouldn't be surprising considering the pains we take to protect your investment.

Like 1000 inspectors inspecting every Volkswagen—some parts are even inspected 2 and 3 times.

Like the 13 pounds of paint used on every car—some of it in places you can't see but corrosion can find.

Like a sealed steel bottom—tapped by a practically airtight body.

And on top of all this the Volkswagen Owner's Security Blanket—the most advanced new car coverage plan in the world.

Now, how many other cars do you think are this precious?



Still \$2625

*Volkswagen of America, Inc. *Suggested Retail Price Sedan III P.D.E., land taxes and any other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.
Based on NADA Official Used Car Guide—April '74, 1972 P.D.E. vs. average used car retail price.



Term insurance or Whole Life?

**New York Life says
there's a place for each.**

Maybe you've been thinking about the need for life insurance.

But what kind should you buy? Term? Whole Life? A combination? Since we sell both, we'd like to give you facts that may help you decide.

Term insurance is just what its name implies. It covers you for a specified period of time—typically one, five or ten years. Since it builds no cash value, you receive maximum insurance protection for a given outlay.

Of course, each time you renew a Term policy the premium is higher because you are older. However, term policies usually contain a valuable privilege which permits you to convert to Whole Life without any evidence of insurability.

As for Whole Life, it covers you as long as you live.

without the need to renew or convert. Initially, Whole Life premiums are higher than Terms. But, unlike Term, Whole Life premiums remain the same. They never change. Equally important, as the years pass, the Whole Life policy builds a valuable cash value you can use for retirement or in a financial emergency.

While either Term or Whole Life alone might be just right for your needs, you might also want to consider buying both. New York Life has many combinations of Term and Whole Life that offer some of the best features of each. No one is better able to help you decide than your New York Life Agent. Call him—or her—today.

We guarantee tomorrow today.



New York Life Insurance Company, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Term, Whole Life, Hybrid, Universal Life, and Permanent Life Insurance Plans.

Taking the mystery out of Cavendish.

An explanation of the most misused term in pipe tobacco.

If you're any kind of pipe smoker, you've probably seen the word Cavendish on more pipe tobaccos than you can shake a stem at. You suspect it must be something good or else everybody and his brother wouldn't be putting the word on their pouches. And your suspicions are right.

But Cavendish is something other than what you may think it is. It's not a type of tobacco leaf. It isn't even the way tobacco is cut.

Cavendish is a unique process that ages and ferments tobaccos to give you a milder, more flavorful smoke.

Quite frankly, we tell you this for one very simple reason. The more you know about Cavendish pipe tobacco, the better it is for Amphora. Because Amphora is the world's largest selling Cavendish pipe tobacco.



They go through at least one summer "sweat". That was the tobacco ferment under natural weather conditions. All of which combine to enhance the flavor and the mildness of the tobacco.

Now some pipe tobacco companies (they know who they are) try to create mildness by taking short cuts. By hurrying up the fermenting process, for example. They may end up with pipe tobacco, but they don't end up with what we consider Cavendish. Because

when you're fermenting tobacco, nothing artificial beats nature. She takes her own sweet time to bring out all the true flavor and taste of tobacco.

WE'VE GOT A SECRET.

Even after the first long fermentation period, the tobaccos are still a long way from being called Amphora.

They are next shipped to our factory in Joaze, some 80 miles north of Amsterdam. There the tobaccos are carefully blended to our two-centuries' old formula. The blended leaves are then compressed into "cakes" at carefully regulated high temperatures.

(What these temperatures are and how long the tobaccos are pressed, we can't tell you. It's the Amphora secret. It's not that we don't trust you, but you never know who else may be reading this ad.)



But what we can tell you is this. By pressing the tobacco leaves into cakes, each tobacco type contributes its own personality, its own flavor and character to the blend.

OUR DORMITORIES ARE NOT FOR SLEEPING.

Mildness is one thing. Extra mildness is something else. So we go a step further and age the pressed tobacco cakes a second time in special rooms we call dormitories.

During this second aging process (we call it "lagering" and it's like the way fine wines are aged), the flavor, aroma and mildness are married. Once and for all.

We go through all of this time and trouble because we honestly believe it's the only way to make the finest Cavendish in the world.

A lot of pipe smokers must believe that, too. They've made Amphora exactly what it is today.

The most popular imported pipe tobacco in America.

BEFORE CAVENDISH WAS A PROCESS, IT WAS A PERSON.



Captain Thomas Cavendish, by name. A fearless seaman who was equally adept at riding out a Nor'easter as he was negotiating with the Indians of Virginia for their fine tobacco leaves.

After one of his more successful trading ventures some 400 years ago, he found himself with more tobacco leaf than cargo space. So he ordered his crew to stow the tobacco in the large wooden casks that had held their grog.

History does not record the crew's reaction to this bit of inventive casking, but the tobaccos, reacted most flavorfully.

After months at sea, compressed and basking in the heat of the casks, fermenting ever so slowly, the tobaccos arrived in England exceedingly rich in bouquet.

The good captain's accidental process of maturing tobacco has long since been immortalized by his name. *Cavendish is now defined as tobaccos that have been mellowed by time, temperature and pressure.*

ONE MAN'S CAVENDISH IS ANOTHER MAN'S SHORT CUT.

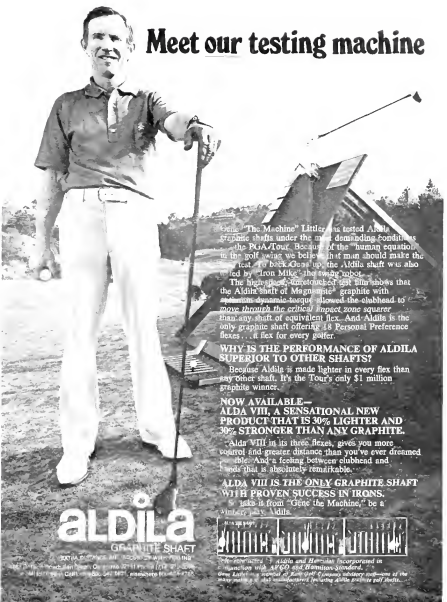
Good Cavendish tobacco like good wine doesn't happen fast. All the fine tobaccos that go into Amphora (they come from about 20 different growing regions of the world) are kept in large casks for at least a year. Just the way Captain C did it.



P.S. Do you have any questions about pipes and pipe tobacco? If so, drop a note to the President, Deane Egbert, Inc., 3943 Fullbright Ave., Chatsworth, Calif. 91311.

When was the last time the president of a company answered your mail?

Meet our testing machine



Gene "The Machine" Littler was tested Aldila graphite shafts under the most demanding conditions—the PGA Tour. Because of the "human equation" in the golf swing we believe that man should make the toughest test. To back Gene up, the Aldila shaft was also tested by "Iron Mike," the swing robot.

The high-speed, untouched test film shows that the Aldila shaft of Magnamite® graphite with optimum dynamic torque allowed the clubhead to move through the critical impact zone squarer than any shaft of equivalent flex. And Aldila is the only graphite shaft offering 18 Personal Preference flexes...a flex for every golfer.

WHY IS THE PERFORMANCE OF ALDILA SUPERIOR TO OTHER SHAFTS?

Because Aldila is made lighter in every flex than any other shaft. It's the Tour's only \$1 million graphite winner.

NOW AVAILABLE— ALDILA VIII, A SENSATIONAL NEW PRODUCT THAT IS 30% LIGHTER AND 30% STRONGER THAN ANY GRAPHITE.

Aldila VIII in its three flexes, gives you more control and greater distance than you've ever dreamed possible. And a feeling between clubhead and hands that is absolutely remarkable.

ALDILA VIII IS THE ONLY GRAPHITE SHAFT WITH PROVEN SUCCESS IN IRONS.

So take it from "Gene the Machine," be a winner, play Aldila.



aldila
GRAPHITE SHAFT

3001A, CHRYSLER AVE., TOWSON, MD 21204

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Catherine Deneuve for Chanel

CHANEL



Perfume in the classic bottle 10.00 to 400., Eau de Toilette 7.00 to 20.00, Eau de Cologne 5.00 to 20.00, Spray Perfume 7.50, and Spray Cologne 7.00.

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STEWART ILLUSTRATIONS is published weekly, except one issue a year and, by Time Inc., 540 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, IL 60611, principal office. Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10036; James A. Sharkey, President; Clifford J. Green, Treasurer; Charles R. Rose, Secretary; second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL and at additional mailing offices. Authorized in second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in fully Subsidized price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$12.00 a year, industry purchased anywhere in the world \$18.00 a year, all others \$16.00 a year.

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THE DERBY has some favorites, finally, but even at Churchill Downs some strange things can happen when a big field of young horses clogs the track. Whitney Tower reports.

AT THE HEIGHT of his boom, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar is Milwaukee's chief weapon against the Celtics' fearsome fast break in the NBA finals. Peter Carry describes the showdown.

RHURRRRS and other hassles have made a stormy life in baseball for Alvin Dark, once and present manager of the Oakland A's, as Dark himself tells. With John Underwood.

Introducing Voyager.



For some, there's the station wagon. For some, the common van. And now, for others, there's something more. The Voyager.

For openers, Voyager holds anything a standard-size station wagon can hold and a whole lot more, like half a neighborhood on its way to school.

There's an optional seating arrangement for 15 people. The most the competition from Ford and Chevrolet can seat is 12.

There's more. Every Voyager is built to last with Chrysler Corporation engineering features. Such as an Electronic Ignition System that means more miles between ignition tune-ups than conventional systems.

The Voyager has a tighter turning diameter and a bigger fuel tank than Ford or Chevrolet.

It handles as easily as a full-size station wagon.

It comes with power front disc brakes. And much more.

The new Plymouth Voyager. It gives you more to look into. Now at your Plymouth Dealer's.



Extra care in engineering
... it makes a difference.

The new Plymouth wagon.

Sports Illustrated



Founded 1914, May 1, 1900 (1900)

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

There is no surer indication of a newborn league's survival prospects than a television contract guaranteeing weekly national exposure and extra dollars in the till. The best example these days is the tie that binds the World Football League to Eddie Einhorn's independent TVS network, a relationship examined on page 57 this week in William Leggett's first TV/Radio column. After 12 distinguished years as our baseball writer, Bill has hung up his spikes, so to speak, and taken on a significant new assignment. Often it will mean sitting at home to watch television or listen to radio or, in an expedient display of audio-visual dexterity, doing both simultaneously.

That Leggett is able to strike these McLuhanesque poses so naturally makes him the obvious choice to write this regular feature. "I have watched as many as three events at once," he says, "and on any night in the summer I might listen to seven or eight baseball games. Last pro football season I got so tired of watching that national barn dance on Monday night I turned off the sound and listened to the play-by-play on Mutual."

Leggett's column comes at a time when sports programs are burgeoning. On a recent Sunday in New York City, six different stations televised three half-hour shows of sports news and commentary, three baseball games, two tennis tournaments, basketball and ice hockey playoffs, golf, badminton, hunting, diving and ice skating. Here in our editorial offices—Sunday is always a busy day for sportswriters—every one of the nine TV sets on the floor was on active duty.

Leggett's previous explorations in the field of broadcasting resulted in a 1964 report on the NFL's network television package and a 1972 critique of sports news reporting. Some additional accounts of electronic journalism that have appeared in our pages are William Johnson's five-part series on television and sport in 1969-70 and, more recently, Frank Deford's *Only You*,



Frank Deford (April 1) and Edwin Shraike's *The Delection of David Dow* (April 22).

There is plenty of fertile subject matter for Leggett, who says, "I want to tell the readers what to look for, what I think is good or bad reporting, what makes it that way." Leggett admires the journalistic merits of television—and radio, too—but with reservations. "Television has unique advantages, sophisticated techniques, that make its coverage of an event fun to watch," he says, "but too often the reporting lacks depth and perception. TV and radio sportscasters are showing more willingness lately to call a screwup a screwup, but the one factor they still seem incapable of determining is where reporting ends and show business begins."

Leggett, who rises every morning in time to catch the 6-38 sports roundup on CBS radio, says his favorite program over the years has been *The American Sportsman*, but that no telecast has impressed him more than ABC's coverage of the Munich Olympics. Looking ahead, he predicts that college sports will eventually overtake the professionals in the light for audience appeal.

All of which suggests that Leggett on TV/Radio will be worth tuning in.

Sack Meyer

We think you should know that life insurance companies don't charge the same for the same coverage.

Fact is, all life insurance companies don't charge the same for the same policy. Some charge up to thousands of dollars more over a lifetime.

You may think you know what your cost is, because you know what you're paying. But premiums usually don't reflect the true cost. They should be adjusted for dividends, anticipated

cash values and other considerations before you can really compare costs.

And equally important as cost can be the kind of company you do business with and the advice and service your agent can give you.

So be a smart buyer and send for the impartially written booklet, "How to Select the Right Life Insurance Company." It doesn't give you

prices—ours or anyone else's—but it will provide unbiased tips on how to compare companies—and their costs—before you buy. And we promise no one will call unless you ask.

Send for it.

Because we want you to select the right life insurance company. Even if you don't select us.



The Bankers Life, Consumer Services
Des Moines, Iowa 50307

Please mail me, without obligation, a free copy of
"How to Select the Right Life Insurance Company."

Name

Address

City State Zip

THE BANKERS LIFE

BANKERS LIFE COMPANY DES MOINES IOWA 50307

Individual and group life, health and disability programs. Plans do not contain company securities and options. A subsidiary, BLC Life Insurance Corporation, of New York State, fully and equally insured through the state guaranty fund.



YOU BUY OUR SHAVER.



WE'LL BUY YOURS.

Sunbeam will give you \$8.00 for your old electric shaver, regardless of its age or working condition. Or, if you use a blade razor, we'll give you \$2.50 for that. (Probably more than you paid for it.)

It doesn't matter whether you send us a double-edge, injector, or antique straight razor. Or your old electric. What does matter is you'll be trading it for the clean, close shave of a new Sunbeam Shavemaster Shaver. And saving yourself a few dollars in the bargain.

With the new Shavemaster, you're getting the thinnest, closest shaving head we've ever put on a shaver. Made of stainless steel, supported for a long, long life. And featuring the Sunbeam

Holes & Slots design—to get *both* the tough stubble *and* the longer, more flexible whiskers too.

For even more than a great shave, Sunbeam offers the new Shavemaster Groomer. (That's it,

at the top of this ad.) It adjusts, to groom beards, mustaches and keep you neat between haircuts. And only Sunbeam has it.

Sunbeam

Best quality shavers.
Bestest of bargains.

USE THIS HANDY FORM TO SPEED UP YOUR REFUND:

Name

Street

City

State

Zip

Here's all you do to get your trade-in allowance! Between May 1 and June 30, 1974, turn in any old run-of-the-mill Sunbeam Shavemaster Shaver. Only models SM7, SM8, SM7M or T-100 are OK. Generators will qualify. The \$8 refund is on 40 shavers along with the cash register receipt dated between May 1 and June 30, 1974, the receipt will contain a slip from the generator and the required form. (A limited trade-in allowance must be postmarked on or before July 31, 1974.)

Mail the above strictly to: Sunbeam Corporation, Men's Shaver, Dept. 100, 190 Biscuit Blvd., Elmhurst, Illinois 60120. Buyer's Ref. is not necessary and where the trade-in allowance is \$2.50, a cash register receipt is also required. Cash register receipt must be dated on or before June 30, 1974. Void where prohibited. Taxable receipts. The law REQUIRES MAILING BY MAIL.

TRADE-UP TO A SUNBEAM SHAVEMASTER SHAVER.

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America's lowest priced intermediates are both Chevelles.

Small enough to be easy to drive and easy to park; big enough to carry six passengers. That's Chevelle Malibu. It's already the most popular name in mid-size history (which tells you about its reputation for value) and now this sporty Malibu Coupe with a thrifty 6-cylinder engine is just \$2878. What better reason to consider it as your next new car?

\$2878* MALIBU 6
COUPE



For many, this is the ideal family car. It gives you Malibu economy, ease of handling and six-passenger interior with the special convenience of a four-door design. And notice again the price: \$2873 for a six-passenger mid-size sedan with an economical 6-cylinder engine. As we say, Chevrolet makes sense for America.

\$2873* MALIBU 6
SEDAN

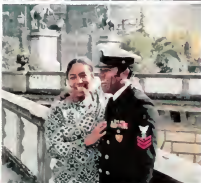


CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA

Chevrolet

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price, including dealer new vehicle preparation charge. Destination charges, optional equipment, state or local taxes are additional.

**Life's too short
to waste time
wishing you were
somewhere else.
Get moving.**



Grab the first job that's open and suddenly you're there a lifetime. And you're nowhere.

You want more than that out of life.

The Navy is a place to grow. Master a skill. Construction. Mechanics. Welding. Good, hard work. With your own two hands. And the wind in your teeth.

Or learn computers. Electronics. Medical techniques. Working with others. Learning to lead them.

It's all waiting for you, if you qualify. The Navy is one of the great teachers. And instead of paying to learn, the Navy pays you.

See the world. Laugh. Learn. (And swab some decks, too.)

Get all the facts. Talk to your local Navy Recruiter. Or call us. Anytime, any day. 800-841-8000. It's toll-free.

A good job. A good life. The Navy: it's a good deal.

Be someone special. Join the Navy.

A man and a woman are seated in a train car. The man, wearing a suit and tie, is looking back over his shoulder at the woman while smoking a cigarette. The woman, wearing a dark dress and a patterned scarf, is looking at him. They are both holding notebooks and pens, suggesting they are working or traveling together. The train car has large, patterned orange and yellow seats.

America's Favorite Cigarette Break.

Benson & Hedges 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. 73.



Menthol or Regular

A LOT OF PEOPLE IN CHICAGO HAVE STOPPED DRINKING SCOTCH.



They found something they like better Tullamore Dew blended Irish whiskey

One taste showed them that Tullamore Dew was unusually smooth and mellow, and actually more pleasing to them than the scotch they had been drinking

Of course, the real battle was in getting them to take their first sip of Tullamore Dew

So we bet \$20,000 that a group of experts couldn't tell Tullamore Dew from three leading scotches.

We won. Convincingly enough for a lot of scotch drinkers to taste our product. And once they tasted it, many of them found they preferred Tullamore Dew to what they had been drinking.

We think there's a good chance you'll come to a similar conclusion.

Try Tullamore Dew. One taste will tell you why Chicago loses a few more scotch drinkers every day.

**TULLAMORE DEW.
IT'S WHAT A LOT
OF FORMER SCOTCH DRINKERS
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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

UP THE UMPS

At its very best, officiating of quick-moving team sports is not a very exact discipline. In professional basketball, for instance, application of "judgment calls," such as those regarding the laying of hands on an opponent can be mysterious, yet in the charged atmosphere of the arena there seldom is a major rowdiness between teams and referees.

Which cannot be said for professional hockey, where officials at times appear to take a worse beating than the performers. To paraphrase the ungrammatical TV commercial, being shouted at and shoved is not a completely unique experience.

The reason may lie in the officials themselves. Basketball referees try to establish a certain consistency to their calls early in a game, brook no lip from anybody and keep control throughout. Hockey officials too often let the game control them, as was readily evident last week in the NHL semifinal playoffs between Chicago and Boston, and Philadelphia and New York.

Seemingly unable to establish a pattern in either series, the officials would work their whistles for a span of 10 minutes, like engineers on a runaway freight, then apparently forget that they had ever owned a whistle. Whichever team yelled loudest last got the break next time. The Rangers were butchered in Philadelphia, a fact that received a fine, all-round airing. When New York returned home, it drew 27 minutes in the penalty box to the Flyers' 81.

No doubt the style of game the teams played had a strong bearing on the calls the officials made. But it remains true that the referees were beleaguered men. As the Rangers' Ted Irvine said of Referee Dave Newell after the first game in Philadelphia, "He was scared out there. You could yell at him, swear at him. He didn't call anything." This may be a carryover from the days when the NHL did not mind a melee or two to hype the gate, but it is out of place to-

day. For their peace of mind and safety, let alone the integrity of the sport, the officials ought to take charge and the league should back them. Among other benefits, they might dampen the fire of those flame-eating crowds that, at last look, were not noticeably awed by the dignity of the officials' calling.

CAUTION, MUGGERS

It was Cushion Night in White Sox Park last Saturday, a soft promotion, so to speak, following the end of Chicago's hard times, which bottomed out the week before. But Detroit was not cooperating and soon the free seat cushions were flying around the stadium like Frisbees in a tornado. Before the crowd stopped bombing, Tiger Manager Ralph Houk yanked his team from the field, which is a lesson for the Oakland A's. They play in Chicago May 18 and had better wear their helmets at all times. Coffee Mug Night.

FINE FIZZLE

"Of expectation fails, and most oft there Where most it promises," the Bard wrote in *All's Well That Ends Well*. And in this case 'twas a far better thing that it did.

The trouble began when Atletico Madrid went berserk before a capacity crowd of roaring, lussing Scotsmen in Glasgow during the first leg of the European Cup soccer semifinals against Celtic. "It was not football, it was Armageddon," said one English critic. Tripping, pushing, body checking and obstructing—committing in fact 50 fouls—the Spaniards raged through the last 25 minutes short three players who had been sent off. The game ended in a near riot and a 0-0 tie, which said little for Celtic. But it also resulted in the banning of six Atletico players from the second-leg match last week in Madrid's Vicente Calderon Stadium, which said a lot for Celtic chances.

Calderon, called the Boiling Calderon of Hate by its own fans, is famed for its

violent pasttenship. A worried Celtic management pleaded with its followers not to go to Madrid and suggested that those who did (it turned out to be 1,000) should stick together. In Madrid, the team stayed locked in its heavily guarded hotel except to train. On game night, 5,000 police were on duty with water cannons. Alcohol was barred from the grounds; seat cushions were not on sale and the first two rows were vacant.

And nothing untoward happened. Both sides were on their best behavior as the Swiss referee took an exaggeratedly firm grip on the game, blowing up in the second minute when a Celtic was fairly tackled and delivering numerous finger-wagging warnings. Despite being undermanned, Atletico won 2-0, eliminating Celtic from the cup playoffs and sending a crowd of 64,000, which had whistled, hooted, booed and jeered to its heart's delight, home happy.

All's well that ends well, as the man said.

DOGS IN THE CATBIRD SEAT?

Recall the invasion of the birds in Graceland, Md. (SI, March 25) and some wag's solution to see 10,000 starving cats on



them? Well, don't try it. The people of Quillabamba in Peru did—they were after rats—and the results were a howling failure. Instead of chasing the rodents, the cats sat up all night serenading each other, as if it were alumni week at Dartmouth. We can think of the next

continued

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SCORECARD

solution, but a sixth sense tells us that where the sleepless citizens of Quilamba are concerned the smart move is to let sleeping dogs lie.

STATIONS OF THE CROSSBAR

If being analyzed is a measure of success, football has arrived, and baseball and basketball and the rest might just as well get off the couch. The latest to have a go at the game is Dr. John P. Koval, a sociologist from DePaul University in Chicago whose findings take a religious bent.

At a meeting of the Midwest Sociological Society in Omaha, Dr. Koval professed to see in football all the trappings of a religious awakening. Where thousands once flocked to touch the robes of Christ, he said, now the pilgrims elbow their way to the locker room "to see the sweaty players and observe how many teeth have been knocked out." They ogle relics—"Imagine people staring at an old football in a glass case"—as more conventional worshippers look for the bones of a saint or splinters said to have come from Christ's cross. And there is ritual in the costumes, the school colors and alma mater hymns, the funny hats, the 50-year-old men in tattered shirts.

Of course, you might call this film, or plain old-fashioned hero worship.

GREEN LINING

Considering the seasons they have just suffered through, hackers of the Carolina Cougars or the Kansas City-Omaha Kings could hardly be blamed if they should decide to move to Greenland.

Cougar Owner Tedd Munchak apparently would like to. "The fans are becoming totally unexcited," he told *Atlanta Constitution* columnist Lenox Rawlings last week. "They are not going to pay \$10 or \$12 to see people who don't really want to play. The schedule is 82 or 84 games long, and the fans are going to see maybe 25', very good games, 25', lousy games. The players think they play too much.

"I get no personal satisfaction from basketball. I have accomplished nothing. I feel empty about agents, players and management. People in North Carolina have complained I don't show enough interest in the team. I went to our training camp a couple of days on vacation to have a good time and be with the players. I hadn't been there five minutes when a player handed me a note. He had two years to go on his contract, but he wanted

to renegotiate. He gave me an agent's name to authenticate it. I don't need that."

To which the numerous backers of the Kings might have said amen, right up until the other day when 70 of them who had hung on grimly for 15 years suddenly emerged at the other end of the tunnel. In an effort to save the franchise when it was in Cincinnati, they had bought into the team in 1958 for amounts ranging from \$100 to \$10,000. Although receiving only small, infrequent dividends, they held their stock when the team moved deeper into the Midwest and performed under the corporate name of Missouri Valley Pro Sports, Inc. Then, lo, MVPSP sold the franchise to Kansas City interests and the original shareholders learned that for each \$100 share they would be getting back at least \$1,000.18, with the possibility of even more. That's 10 to 1. Hold on, Munchak. You may buy Greenland yet.

ON FOR A JOHN DOE

Things happen in threes, but frankly we will be happy if the whole shmeer ends right here. First there was the New Jersey policeman who named 11 of his 12 children after golfers (SI, April 22). Now there is Brian Brown, an ardent boxing fan out of Wolverhampton, England, who two months ago named his daughter Maria Sullivan Corbett Fitzsimmons Jeffries Hart Burns Johnson Willard Dempsey Tunney Schmeling Sharkey Carnera Baer Braddock Louis Charles Walcott Marciano Patterson Johansson Liston Clay Frazier Foreman Brown. "I was hoping for a boy," Brown explained.

TERRORS ON THE COAST

For the better part of the 20th century, big-time sport and the Pacific Coast were closely enough related in most people's minds as to be almost synonymous. From the oarsmen of Washington to the wrecking crews of UCLA, specialists in winning whatever national championships the University of Southern California had not already nailed down, the commitment was total. But these are unsettled times, and if the ciñuelos of Southern California are standing fast, the less enraptured forts to the north are not. In some schools athletic programs are not only under scrutiny, they are in trouble.

At Oregon State, for instance, it was announced that no grant-in-aid money

would be used to support baseball, golf, tennis or swimming, and a committee of faculty, alumni and students recommended that track be cut back severely next year, obviously to save money. Baseball's life was extended recently, but the prognosis is not strong. And at Portland State the student fees committee recommended that its support of the athletic department's budget be reduced from \$176,000 to \$134,000 and that no fees be used for baseball or football. The college says football will be dropped if it does not break even financially.

The most serious threat to the old ways, however, comes from the University of California, where there is a move among students to place less emphasis on intercollegiate sport and more on intramural activities. "We are not Alabama," said Mike Aguirre, president of the student government. "At Cal we don't feel the same kind of involvement with the sports teams and it may be that we shouldn't compete at that level. The issue is how best to spend our money to meet the needs of the greatest number."

At the next athletic budget meeting this month, Aguirre will propose the abolition of spring football practice, elimination of athletic scholarships except in cases of clear financial need, abolition of recruiting and training tables and transfer of athletic department employees to an expanded intramural program.

Hardly the winds of total change—a spanking breeze would be a more accurate description—but there is something going on.

THEY SAID IT

- Pete Rose, on the new World Baseball League: "Can you imagine playing in Birmingham Friday, leaving Saturday off and playing in Tokyo Sunday? If you hit .210, you should win the title."
- Cathy Rush, coach of National Women's Basketball Champion Immaculata College and wife of American Basketball Association Referee Ed Rush, expecting their second child: "We're living proof that a referee and a coach can get along."
- Bill Kurtis, CBS anchorman in Chicago, after hearing allegations of drug abuse by the San Diego Chargers: "The way the Chargers played last year the drug must have been formaldehyde."
- Toby Harrah, Texas Ranger shortstop, on how small his hometown is: "The telephone directory has only one yellow page."

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

THE PRO FOOTBALL REVOLUTION

In a move designed to promote the welfare of short punters, small receivers, elderly quarterbacks, lame line-backers and bored fans, the usually conservative owners of the National Football League last week adopted nine new playing rules aimed at reanimating their game. It was the most sweeping series of changes since 1933, when George Preston Marshall pushed through regulations establishing conference playoffs for the title and allowing quarterbacks to launch passes from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage.

"If the owners had met one more day," complained Redskin Coach George Allen when he heard of the new rules, "I would have expected the return of the flying wedge. The owners wanted more of a show. I don't agree, and I talked with Don Shula on the phone today and he doesn't agree either." Shula said, "I disapprove of the entire package."

One NFL official replied, "It's about time the coaches realized they are the directors, not the producers, of this show."

The altered rules are: 1) goalposts are moved from the goal line to the end line; 2) the kickoff is from the 35-yard line; 3) after a missed field goal, the ball returns to the line of scrimmage or the 20-yard line, whichever is farther from the goal line; 4) on punts and field-goal attempts, the offensive team may not move downfield until the ball is kicked; 5) wide receivers may not be blocked below the waist; 6) receivers may be bumped only once after they have gone three yards beyond the line of scrimmage; 7) wide receivers cracking back toward the ball within three yards of the line of scrim-

Nine radical rule changes designed to rouse the game from its lethargy upset some people, pleased others and probably will fascinate the fans

by **TEX MAULE**

mage are not allowed to block below the waist; 8) the penalty for offensive holding, illegal use of hands or tripping, which usually occur near the line of scrimmage, is reduced from 15 to 10 yards; 9) a 15-minute sudden-death overtime is played if a game ends in a tie.

The NFL competition committee, composed of Tex Schramm of Dallas, Paul Brown of Cincinnati, Jim Finks of Minnesota and Al Davis of Oakland, had suggested one or another of the changes separately at earlier league meetings, but

without success. "We were given a mandate by the owners this February in Miami," Brown says, "so we presented the changes as a package, to be accepted or rejected that way. No one agrees with all the changes, but if we had tried to get them through piecemeal I doubt that we would have gotten any changes."

The vote to accept was a resounding 24-2, reflecting the growing concern of the owners about criticism of pro football as an increasingly dull game. According to Schramm, "if it had been necessary, we could have had unanimous acceptance. We had to do something."

Not everyone feels that way. The caustic Norman Van Brocklin, coach of the Atlanta Falcons, says, "What it all means is that we'll go out there and play the old boring punting game for 60 minutes and then wake up the fans and go home. You can tell the owners made these rules changes, not the coaches."

Brown, who is general manager and coach, disagrees. "The committee wanted to put the emphasis on scoring touchdowns instead of winning by kicking five field goals," he says. "These changes are all interrelated and they came about after years of close study."

The big change, according to Brown, is the relocation of the goalposts. "That opens up the offense," he says. "The whole end zone is open for pass patterns now; the goalposts were, in effect, another safety man when you got inside the 20. You couldn't run or pass around them. And it was hard to punt or pass coming out of the end zone."

Once the goalposts were moved, it was possible to change the kickoff from the



One rule change abandons the traditional 40-yard line for kickoffs, adopts the 35.



Goal posts are moved to the end line, and the ball is returned to the line of scrimmage after missed field goals from beyond the 20.



On punts and field goals, all offensive players must stay behind the line of scrimmage until the ball is kicked.

The penalty for offensive holding and related crimes at or near the line of scrimmage is cut from 15 yards to 10.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES FORD



Sudden-death overtime periods will break ties at the end of regular-season games.

40- to the 35-yard line. "If we had left the goalposts on the goal line," Schramm says, "we could not have changed the kickoff. We would have had long returns, which we want, but they would have set up more field goals, which we don't want."

Obviously, field-goal kickers are not enthusiastic about this change. Tom Dempsey, who holds the NFL record with a 63-yard kick, says, "The World Football League did this first and the owners have to counter. They're scared to death of the new league. I think what backs me worst of all is the owners changing the rules I play under. The owners never played the game in high school."

Schramm, who did play football in high school, says, "We started with the premise that we had to put more of a premium on moving the football and less of a premium on ball control. Too many clubs were running three dull plays, then punting and waiting for the other team to make a mistake. We wanted to get more penetration. Now first downs will be important at both ends of the field. You have to get down to the 30 or 35 to try a field goal, and with the new punt rule you'll have to work for a first down or two in your end of the field to avoid having the safety man run the ball down your throat."

The new rule on punts has set up some interesting possibilities. With everyone pinned to the line of scrimmage until the ball is actually kicked, long returns are likely. "The kicking game will undergo a big change," says Lou Saban, coach of

the Buffalo Bills. "Say it's fourth and 10 on your own 20. The opposing team could bring nearly everyone back off the line and place them in front of its punt returners. It could lure up almost like a kickoff return on some punts. Because of this, the quick kick might make a comeback, and the punt out of bounds will return, too."

The coffin corner kick, that is. For football fans under 30 who may not be familiar with the term, a coffin corner kick is one that goes out of bounds close to the goal line. It has become a lost art, but one likely to come back now. Some coaches think teams might use two punters, one to boom the ball, the other to place it out of bounds inside the five or 10. Fred Cox, the Minnesota placekicker, says, "The grace of the punter has just skyrocketed."

Kansas City's Jerrel Wilson, who led the league in punting last season, is resigned to trying to kick shorter, higher and more accurately. "Those 45-yard punting averages are gone," he says. "You'll have to kick the ball higher and not as far. You'll really have to hang it up there. The danger has always been in outkicking your coverage and that will really be a disaster now."

The penalty for a missed field goal will hurt punting averages, too. "You'll be seeing a lot of 25- and 30-yard punts this season because we'll be punting a lot from around the 40-yard line instead of trying a field goal," Wilson says.

The bomb, which all but disappeared from pro football with the advent of the deep zone and the roll block on a wide receiver at the line of scrimmage, also may come back. The whippets who play on the flanks of the offensive line have been freed to run their routes almost unmolested. Harold Jackson of the Rams says, "We won't have to fight our way out of the jungle to find room to run our patterns." And, with the goalposts back to the end line, the receivers will have more room to roam in. O. J. Simpson says, "They put the passing game back in the NFL."

Veteran quarterbacks like the new rules. "As an offensive player, I feel the changes are geared to me," says Len Dawson of the Chiefs. "The restrictions on contact between defensive backs and wide receivers will open up the game offensively. That will be particularly true when you get near the goal line, because that's when most teams play the bump

and run. Or on third and long yard, a team like Miami likes to cut your receivers down and not let them go downfield, thus making you throw your backs."

Now it will be almost impossible to prevent the wide receivers from getting quickly into their patterns, shallow deep. Don Klosterman, general manager of the Rams and once a quarterback himself, says, "It will do one big thing: it will let the quarterbacks time up much better with their receivers because the laying tactics are eliminated. You're going to see a great deal more scoring the pass—and off the long play. With the wide receivers free to go downfield, the quarterback will be able to hold in his running backs for more pass protection. With better protection and their quicker release of the pass, aging drop-back quarterbacks should last longer."

The new rules, of course, give new life to small receivers like Harold Jackson of the Dolphins' Paul Warfield and Cincinnati's Isaac Curtis. "They are always calling these Isaac Curtis rules," says Brown. "When we played the Dolphins in Miami last year, they cut Curtis down consistently. I don't think he ever got 10 yards downfield. But this rule won't be in just for him. It was put in to make the game exciting."

Abe Gibron, coach of the Bears, agrees with Brown. "It'll open up the passing game," he says. "Before the new



you could beat the bleep out of receivers when they got inside your 20."

Defensive backs are somewhat less than enthusiastic about the freedom granted receivers. Theirs is a difficult, thankless task at best and now it will be much more so. Clarence Scott, a cornerback for the Browns, says, "The new restrictions on the bump and run are things I didn't want to see put in. I thought the bump and run was sort of beautiful, a one-on-one battle between the defender and the receiver. I especially hate to see the new rule inside the 20-yard line. We have no other way of staying with a receiver in such a short time."

Thom Darden, a Cleveland safety, says, "The cornerbacks are going to be in a real bind. There is no way a defensive back running backward can stay with a receiver like Warfield without the bump and run. There are going to be more bombs, a lot more."

"I knew it would come to this," says Charlie Waters, a Dallas cornerback. "Next thing we'll get is one hash mark down the middle of the field. These are the biggest changes in years. They are drastic."

Since the penalty on offensive players for holding, illegal use of hands and tripping has been cut from 15 to 10 yards,

the quarterbacks may expect even more protection and time. Yet defensive linemen, who are on the receiving end of most of these infractions, are a bit more philosophical than the defensive backs.

"I don't see how there could possibly be more holding than there is now," says Bob Lilly, Dallas' All-Pro defensive tackle. His coach, Ernie Stautner, thinks he sees a silver lining in the reduced penalty. "They were getting away with murder on holding anyway," he says. "So maybe now that they've reduced the penalty they'll start to call it."

The reduced penalty, according to Brown, was put in to avoid killing a promising drive before it could develop. "We went over the statistics on holding penalties," he says. "It was astonishing how few times a team could recover from a 15-yard holding penalty. We think this may help."

The two rules most generally approved of by both coaches and players are sudden-death overtime and the abolition of the crack-back block, a blind-side block by a wide receiver that resulted in a rash of knee injuries to linebackers, the usual recipients. Even the crusty Van Brocklin approves of the sudden-death rule (somebody remarked it was the first nice thing the Dutchman has had to say about anything since his senior year in high school). "The object of the game is to have a winner," says Van Brocklin. "I've always liked that. I like the idea of going home either laughing or crying."

The most predictable objection to the sudden-death proposal came from a few players who wondered if they would be paid overtime. By this reasoning, baseball players should be paid more for an extra-inning game, basketball players for overtime periods.

The rules seem certain to enliven what had been evolving into a curiously dull sport, especially in the showcase game of the year, the Super Bowl. "We'll see how they work during the exhibition season," says Schramm. "They are not irrevocable, you know. If there are obvious flaws, we can change them anytime, even before this season starts."

If they work smoothly, the committee has a couple of other changes it would like to advocate. "We seriously considered the possibility of widening the field 2½ yards on each side to put even more pressure on the defense," Davis says. "We couldn't do it because five or six stadiums couldn't have made the change this year."

"And there is no question that the three-man defensive line has become fundamental, with eight men dropping back to protect against the pass. That makes it almost impossible to throw in some situations. Next year we may have to put in some regulation requiring four men on the defensive line."

Disgusted, Redskin Linebacker Chris Hanburger says, "They're turning it into a broad's game. Why not make it two-hand touch?"

END

Crack-back blocks below the waist are out, which helps the defense, but so are rolling blocks against pass receivers and continuous bump and run by pass defenders.



DOUBLE-BARRELED DERBY THREAT

A week or so ago traditionalists were shaking their heads in dismay over the possibility that this year's Kentucky Derby, the 100th running of America's most famous horse race, would have to be split into two divisions. More than three dozen horses still were slated to start, far too many for the track to cope with in one race. Then in the space of 48 hours, two colts trained by 60-year-old Woody Stephens, a Kentucky hard-boiled from the little town of Midway, solved the problem. Brilliant victories by Judger in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland on Thursday and by Cannonade in the Stepping Stone at Churchill Downs on Saturday sobered up owners dreaming of long-shot success. It seemed certain that when the centennial Derby went off, it would have no more than two dozen starters, and most of those should stay home.

Stephens, who has been around race-tracks since 1929, has been on this pressure route before. "This is my fifth trip to the Derby," he says. "I've been fifth

After a long season of trading triumphs, the army of colts headed for the Kentucky Derby has narrowed to a couple of dozen. Favored are two come-from-behind stars trained by the same man **by WHITNEY TOWER**

with Halt [1949], fourth with Goyamo [1954], third with Blue Man [1952] and second with Never Bend [1963]. I reckon it's time I brought in a winner."

After the Blue Grass and the Stepping Stone, Stephens had a double-barreled weapon aimed at his opposition. Not only are Judger and Cannonade probably the two best colts in the still bulky field, but in Laffit Pincay and Angel Cordero, Stephens has two daring and capable riders, with cool heads to govern their skill. And neither has yet won a Derby, which makes them even more determined.

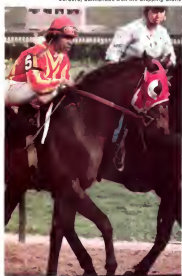
"I've got two of the best," says Stephens with a smile, "and don't forget, by using these two top jocks I keep them off other horses who might beat me."

Judger's victory in the nine-furlong Blue Grass was nothing less than smashing. Because of the large number of entries (14), the start was moved back to give the field more room to gain position on the run to the first turn. But this served to handicap come-from-behind performers like Judger, who would have a shorter stretch in which to overhaul the pacesetters. That's the way it appeared on paper. Somebody forgot to tell Judger and Pincay. Pincay, called the Pirate by his loyal California fans, dropped the son of Damascus so far behind that on the backstretch he had only one horse beaten. As is his habit, Judger got into gear rounding the far turn. In the past he usually made his big run on the outside, which kept him out of trouble but also caused him to lose ground as he swept around the field. In the Blue Grass, Pincay saved ground by keeping him along the rail. Then, when he made his move on the turn, the Pirate guided the big bay colt through two successive holes that appeared in front of him. Judger, suddenly on full

throttle, shot through the openings to take the lead, and he went on to win by four lengths, which was eminently satisfying to Stephens and Owner Seth Hancock. Seth bought Judger for \$90,000 in 1972 at the dispersal sale of stock belonging to his late father, A. B. (Bull) Hancock.

A couple of long shots named Big Latch and Gold and Myrrh were second and third in the Blue Grass, while John Galbreath's Little Current, winner of Hialeah's Everglades, was fourth. Little Current made a Judger-like run of his own but tired at the top of the stretch. Nevertheless, as Woody Stephens says, "Little Current will be right there on Derby Day, believe me."

Cordero, Cannonade won the Stepping Stone



Pincay, Judger captured the Blue Grass



Bushongo, winner of the Flamingo over both Judger and Cannonade, suffered an injury in the Blue Grass, and struggled home 11th, causing Trainer Downey Borsal to cancel his Derby plans. Big Latch, Pondelli and Heavy Mayonnaise also came out of the race somewhat the worse for wear.

Two days later, misfortune struck other colts in the Stepping Stone. Only once has the winner of this seven-furlong test come back a week later to win the Derby (Majestic Prince in 1969). At the start, Destroyer, winner of the Santa Anita Derby, crashed against Accipiter and unseated the latter's jockey. For the rest of the race the riderless Accipiter weaved menacingly through the field, but despite protests from several losing jocks the patrol judges decided that the colt had done little damage to the chances of any horse, and certainly none to the leaders. Accipiter is still expected to start in the Derby as an entry with his stablemate, the highly regarded Rube the Great. As for Destroyer, he came back in distress and utterly exhausted, and his chances in the Derby appear minimal. Another casualty, not entirely unexpected, was the 1973 2-year-old champion, Protagonist. He had been last in his division of the Gotham on April 6 and had been plagued with leg trouble of one sort or another. This time he was last again, suffered a cut on his left rear leg and will not run on May 4.

The Stepping Stone in many ways seemed a duplicate of the Blue Grass. Cordero took Cannonade to the rear of the pack on the backstretch. Then, just as Pincay had done at Keeneland two days earlier, Cordero saved ground on the rail and waited for his best shot. After slipping between two rivals at the top of the long Churchill Downs stretch, he found Cannonade blocked by five more horses. Adroitly he veered to the outside and found another opening. Quickly through, Cannonade sped off to win by two lengths. Arkansas Derby winner J.R.'s Pet made a nice run from sixth to be second, while the game but weary Destroyer was third.

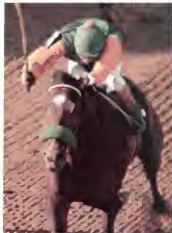
Not a great deal can be said for any

of the others, including Raymond Guest's Irish-bred Sir Tristram, who had arrived in this country only a week earlier from his French training yard at Chantilly. "I just wanted to see what he could do with these horses and to have a little fun being part of the 100th Derby," said Guest, a former U.S. ambassador to Ireland, before the race. "He'll probably run last today [he was seventh of the 12 finishers], but this Stepping Stone is to have him learn a little and to see how he handles a dirt track after his previous races on French turf." Most of Sir Tristram's training has been on the deep sand of Chantilly, which has about as much resemblance to the hard strip at Churchill Downs as the Sahara Desert has to the Indianapolis Motor Speedway.

The West Coast's leading Derby representative is the Meeklen Stable's Agitate, who has lost only one of six races—to Destroyer in the Santa Anita Derby in late March. Pincay was Agitate's regular rider until he had to choose between the son of Advocate and the Stephens-trained Judger. He picked Judger. "Agitate is still green," says Pincay. "He'll be a better horse later in the year. I like Judger's breeding for the early classics. He seems to be improving at a faster rate, and right now when it counts most. Eastern horses coming to the Derby generally seem more fit than those from the West Coast. Maybe in California a good horse can win too easily. In the East there's more competition."

Among the fit ones is Rube the Great, who came East early from California to score successive victories in the Gotham and the Wood. Rube is a standout. Gold and Myrrh and J.R.'s Pet have ability, as do Buck's Bid, Sharp Gary, Hudson County, Flip Sal and Triple Crown. Granted, a win by any of these would be an upset, but it would be a minor one compared to a victory by Lexco, Set n' Go, Prove Lively, Bold Clarion, King of Rome, Crimson Ruler, Eric's Champ, Pat McGroder, Confederate Yankee, Ga Hai or Conquistador.

Maybe 24-year-old Seth Hancock,



Rube the Great had two striking victories

now the master of Claiborne Farm, put it best when asked what he thought of Judger's chances. He said, "Would you want to put up \$7,500 to run against him?" It will cost each colt exactly that to pass the entry box and starting gate this week. I certainly wouldn't want to put up \$7,500 to race against Judger. And with Cannonade running as an entry with him, I'd rather take the \$7,500 and bet it on the pair of them. My guess is Judger will edge his stablemate and make Woody Stephens, the hardboot from Kentucky, doubly happy.

END

Pincay and John Meeklen count on their Agitate.



A BOGEY! PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM

At the Tournament of Champions were Jack, Johnny and, er, Sam Adams, winner of the 1973 Quad Cities Open. You must remember this

by DAN JENKINS

In the land of the fake waterfall, the creeping condominium and the orange bouffant wig—good old Rancho La Costa—golf's royalty held its annual reunion last week, the Tournament of Nicklaus. Jack was there, of course, and so were Johnny, Tom, Lee, Lanny, Ben—the whole gang. And, as it sometimes happens, there was one fellow in it who looked as out of place as a guy hanging around on the terraces without a brushed-denim body suit or a pair of white shoes. Sam. No, not Snead, Adams. Sam Adams may well have been the most obscure player ever to have hung around that sumptuous spa for a few days, but he was giddy with excitement all the way because he got to play four full rounds of golf for a change. Sam is usually COD by Friday evening.

The Tournament of Champions is such a select event—it is available only to those pros who have won a trophy over the previous calendar year, and therefore attracts a field of only 25 or so competitors—that everybody is allowed to play the full 72 holes. No cut, in other words. This was a new experience for Sam Adams, who has developed a habit of playing golf on Thursday and Friday and then driving down the highway on Saturday.

For a man who has actually won a professional tournament, Sam Adams has become the cut-missing king of the universe, and a left-handed one at that. He arrived at the Tournament of Champions courtesy of a victory last September in the Quad Cities Open and a lot of happy motoring. Quad Cities attracted the attention of just about everyone in Bettendorf and Davenport, Iowa, along with Moline and Rock Island, Ill. It was such a historic golfing event that the PGA promptly moved it up against the British Open this July, ensuring that even if Sam Adams wins it again he will remain as much a part of the



Adams matched the last-place Trevino stride for stride and, alas, almost stroke for stroke.

game's non-elite as he was all last week amid the glitter of La Costa's T of C.

"I've heard all the jokes, and they don't bother me," he said one day during the tournament. He was sitting in the sprawling La Costa bar, sipping his favorite beverage, ice water. And he was explaining what a Sam Adams was.

A Sam Adams is a 23-year-old guy from Boone, N.C. who started playing golf left-handed before he realized the mistake he was making. He is a natural righthander when it comes to eating and writing letters.

"I can play right-handed," Sam said, "but not as well. That's kind of funny, isn't it? I'm not real sure I can play golf left-handed at the moment."

He has a point. The record shows that Sam Adams, since winning the Bettendorf, Davenport, Moline and Rock Island Open, has made exactly one cut out of 13 tries. One. It was at the Heritage in March and it earned him \$325. That, plus the gratuitous \$1,200 given to anyone who turns up at the Masters, was all he had earned in the seven months between

Quad Cities and La Costa, where all he had to do was finish last to pick up \$3,000.

"I've got a great wife," said Sam. "She doesn't start packing the bags on Friday morning."

Sam Adams has managed to retain his sense of humor through all of his terrible golfing troubles because he is a genuinely nice guy who says he doesn't need the game; he just happens to like it; he just happened to think he could play.

He grew up in the resort area of Boone, in the North Carolina mountains, without having to scratch and hustle for a living. His father is a well-to-do banker, and Sam knows he can go into banking, or become a club pro, if he has to. His exemption on the tour expires Sept. 30, and if he keeps missing cuts and wondering if he ought to go on tranquilizers to live with it—as a doctor recommended to him—he will probably take leave of the circuit as quietly as he joined it.

"My problem is, I think I can play this game," he said. "I'm not awed by any

of it. I never was. I'm not that kind of person. When I was winning at Quad Cities, I felt like I was supposed to win, not that I was supposed to lose."

At Quad Cities he startled the field by shooting back-to-back 64s in the second and third rounds. And then on the last day when better-known players like Bob Goalby and Dave Stockton were taking a run at him, he birdied two of the final three holes and won by three strokes.

"All of a sudden, I was part of the tour," he said. "Once you become a tournament winner you get paired with other tournament winners, and I guess I wasn't prepared for it. It's been exciting to play with Nicklaus and Palmer, but I've found myself trying to hide and stay out of their way instead of trying to play golf. That's been part of my problem."

Sam has dark blond crinkly hair that spreads out in the wind and makes him look like an alternate on the British Walker Cup team. But he smiles constantly and he has the accent and good-naturedness of a happy Southerner.

He knows all of the "names" on the tour, and they have all befriended him. Some have even tried to help him. Like

Nicklaus. "I asked Jack what was wrong with me," Sam said. "I told him he was the greatest who ever jacked it up, and I'd like some advice. He told me to separate my hands from my hips. That's helped me recently. What he meant was, you've got to lead the swing with your hips."

Adams has a sponsor who is not getting restless, he says, a citrus broker from Florida who can use the deductions of Sam's expenses. He has little else, but it does not bother him. Izod furnishes him some clothes but no money. He bought the set of Hogan clubs he uses, and sometimes somebody gives him gloves. He drives a Cadillac from one tournament to the next while his wife Jackie studies the road map.

Sam occasionally flies, as he did last week, but he enjoys driving and sight-seeing and listening to the radio to find out who won the tournament he has just missed the cut in. He probably enters more tournaments than anyone on the tour, last year playing in a whopping 36 events.

Sam's routine at La Costa was pretty much the same as it is everywhere he

turns up. The highlight of his social life during the tournament came when Hubert Green and his wife Judi invited Sam and Jackie to join them for dinner in one of La Costa's informal restaurants. Sam wore a tie, anyway. Sam and Jackie also attended two cocktail parties on the premises, and drank their ginger ale. "Those hors d'oeuvres were something else," Sam said.

He thought the T of C was one of the best tournaments he had ever been to. Officials met him at the airport when he arrived, just as they would a Nicklaus, and they gave him a sport coat and an umbrella. And they provided him with a courtesy car in case he might want to go somewhere off the campus.

"They really do a good job," he said.

"We liked having the car because we got to go somewhere else for dinner." On at least two different nights Sam and Jackie went alone to the same restaurant in La Jolla, Chuck's Steak House.

Sam insists his life on the tour is not lonely. He has a good friend in Don Iverson. The Adamses and the Iversons spend a lot of time together around Holiday Inns. He and Jackie go to a lot of movies, and Jackie likes shopping and sight-seeing.

In the past the Tournament of Champions has had its share of Sam Adamses and they have usually distinguished themselves with some of the highest scores of the week. Only last year there was Bob Shaw, who had qualified because of a win at Tallahassee. Shaw shot 302 and finished last. In 1971 Bill Gayrett, who had qualified because of a victory at Coral Springs, Fla., shot an 83 in one round, a tournament record, and he, too, finished last with a 317 total. And there have been others: John Barnum in 1963, Dick Hart in 1965 and John McMullin in 1959. In 1956, Max Evans played one round and withdrew.

Sam Adams did better than most of them. He began in typical fashion, shooting a 77 to trail the field, and he had another 77 at the finish, but in between he posted 72-73, creditable scores that enabled him to pass one man, a guy named Lee Trevino. So Sam Adams was not last, but he definitely was not first, either. That honor went to Johnny Miller for the fifth time this year, raising his season earnings to \$192,871, or about \$188,000 more than Adams. Still, Sam was not complaining. All in all, it had been a good week.

END

A road is not exactly Position A, but in recent months Adams has been in stranger places.



Philadelphia's violent Stanley Cup semifinal series with New York had more fist- and stick-swinging than skating and skill, as the Rangers recovered from a mauling to even things up

by MARK MULVOY

IT'S SOCKEY, THE WAY THEY PLAY IT HERE

The next person who tells Bobby Clarke (*see cover*) that the Philadelphia Flyers are a band of bullies, karate choppers, backstabbers and pugs who play hockey with spiked helmets, shivs and brass knuckles, will receive a mouthful of elbow for his comments. Dave Schultz' elbow. That, Clarke insists, is a promise. "I've listened to that jazz all year," he says, "and I've had it. You don't have to be a genius to figure out what we do on the ice. We take the shortest route to the puck and arrive in ill humor. But, tell me, if we're so bad, why haven't they locked us up?"

Fans of the New York Rangers would have provided the cuffs happily last week as the Flyers and the Rangers resumed their scheduled seven-round Stanley Cup bout. On paper this main event was a mismatch—George Foreman fighting a flyweight from Thailand. In one corner Philadelphia had heavyweight king Dave (Hammer) Schultz, top contenders Bob (Hound) Kelly and Andre (Moose) Dupont and the 17 other toughs who helped the Flyers lead the NHL in knockdowns, knockouts and—not coincidentally—penalty minutes over the regular season. In the other corner New York had two fair heavyweights in Ron Harris and Ted Irvine, an overblown middleweight in Brad Park and 17 assorted paperweights.

Philadelphia had won the first round on all cards by whipping the Rangers 4-0 as Dupont and Clarke combined to score a quick TKO against New York's Walt Tkaczuk. The three players were turning up ice, when suddenly Tkaczuk, who had suffered a broken jaw only six weeks before, was down on all fours and had a far-off look in his eyes. "Moose pushed me, and my shoulder accidentally hit Walter in the head," Clarke said by way of explanation. Tkaczuk sat out the rest of the game.

Wearing a football-style helmet with two bars across his mouth, he lined up



against Clarke early in Round Two and called him a backstabber. In return Clarke threw a few unprintables at Tkaczuk. Moments later the two had nging-side seats for a fight between Kelly and Ranger rookie Buggy Butler.

A quality hanchetman, Kelly understands perfectly what his job entails. "They sure don't pay me to score goals," he says. He got only four in 65 games

this season, but lost just one of some 15 fights. Philadelphia Coach Fred Shero started Kelly at left wing in the game because he expected New York's Emile Francis to start Harris at right wing. "I knew Harris got hurt in the first game," Shero said, "and I figured that if Kelly gave him just one good shot, he'd probably get him out of the game early." Francis, however, played Butler, not Harris. "So Kelly jumped the other guy instead," Shero said. Kelly used his 20-pound weight advantage and greater leverage to win a unanimous decision over Butler.

"Kelly always gets in three or four punches before the other guy even realizes he's in a fight," Clarke said admiringly, "and he throws his punches faster than anybody in the league." As a rule Clarke prefers to leave the fist-cuffs to Kelly, Schultz and the other Flyer heavyweights. "I'm like a rat," he says. "I only fight when I'm forced into a corner." Out in mid-ice Clarke operates with a quick stick, a pair of quicker elbows and the fastest mouth in the game. "I'm afraid that I've acquired a bad image," he says, "but show me one player who doesn't throw the odd elbow." Hear what the volatile Clarke chirped at Pete Stenkowski after the Ranger center was cut on the forehead in a first-period fight with the Flyers' Jan Watson in the second game: "I didn't think Ukrainians bled when they got hit."

"If there were still only six teams in this league, you wouldn't be around," retorted Stenkowski, somehow failing to remind Clarke that he is, after all, the Polish Prince of the Rangers.

While Clarke did not get into any fights, he did take three trips to the penalty box with Tkaczuk. Once Clarke slashed him, and the Ranger retaliated with an elbow; another time the combatants waved their sticks in each other's faces; and later Clarke speared Tkaczuk as the latter was slashing him.

It should be remembered that Clarke is not merely a stick and a mouth; the NHL's Most Valuable Player for 1972-73, he is the captain of a team that can play a little hockey as well as crack bones. He started the Flyers off with a power-

play goal in the first period, and thereafter the Flyers hammered the Rangers in all the corners, forcing them into blunders with a body-bending style of fore-checking. On Philadelphia's next goal the Flyers so harassed Ranger Defenseman Gilles Marotte that he took a wild golf swing at the puck in an attempt to clear it away from Goaltender Eddie Giacomin. Marotte, a high handicapper, shanked the puck, and the persistent Flyers picked it off and scored. At the end of Round Two the Flyers had a solid 5-2 victory and a 2-0 lead in the series.

Strangely, the quietest Flyer that game—played in Philadelphia—was Schultz, who by now has become a North American byword for hockey roughhousing. He had set an NHL record by spending 348 minutes in penalty boxes during the season. But in the 5-2 win he made only a single visit to the box. Instead he concentrated on his checking duties, much to the disgust of the members of his "army," who wear World War I German helmets with SCHULTZ lettered in red. "Schultz does most of his fighting on the road," Shero explained. "I'm sure he'll be active in the games in New York."

Like Kelly, Schultz genuinely understands his role with the Flyers. "There are three things that make a hockey player," Shero says, "speed, skill and strength. Schultz realizes he doesn't have speed or skill, so what's he here for? To beat up the other guy." Schultz himself says, "If someone wants to give Clarke any trouble, they know they have to deal with me, too."

Although Shero tends to regard Schultz' 20 fighting penalties this season as the only true measure of the Hammer's worth, the inescapable fact is that Schultz also scored 20 goals, while becoming the most accomplished enforcer since the days when John Ferguson was bruising bodies for the Montreal Canadiens. "Hockey is a contact sport for men," Schultz says. "It's not an ice ballet or the Ice Follies. I'd be lost on a finesse team like New York."

Schultz grew up in a Mennonite Brethren community in Saskatchewan and used to spend part of his summers at Bible camp. "The Bible says not to be afraid of anything mortal," he says, "because you can be here today and gone tomorrow. I'm not afraid of anything. I'm not even afraid of losing a

continued



With a wicked flourish at his stick, Tom Bladen of the Flyers rekes the blade up across the helmet of Ranger Bruce MacGregor.

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fight. I never want to hurt anybody in a fight. Oh, I like to beat them up and leave them with some bruises and some bumps, but I don't want to hurt them. One night I cut Bryan Hextall during a fight in Atlanta, and when I saw the blood I told him I hadn't intended to cut him. I meant it."

Somehow Schultz' good intentions have not made many friends among fans of Flyer opponents. "In a way I feel sorry for him," says Clarke. "He really gets abused on the road. He can't stand in a hotel lobby for more than a minute or two without having someone call him an animal or something worse."

As the Flyers warmed up for the third game, on enemy ice this time, the Madison Square Garden crowd chanted, "We want Schultz, we want Schultz." They booed him fervently when he charged onto the ice at the two-minute point of the first period and barreled full speed into the corner after Brad Park. Then, as the play swung up ice Schultz charged into Park again and knocked him down, straddling the semideafenseless Ranger and pouring punches at his face. The linesmen finally pulled Schultz off Park, but while Park was still supine—held down, in fact, by one of the officials—Schultz hit him with four successive punches to the stomach. For his efforts Schultz was given a two-minute roughing penalty, a two-minute charging penalty and a five-minute fighting penalty. When Park received only a five-minute fighting penalty, Schultz gave a choke signal to the referee, who, in turn, gave Schultz a 10-minute misconduct. This was more like vintage Schultz.

For most of the first period the Flyers bullied the Rangers all over the ice. Joe Watson slammed Bruce MacGregor into the goalpost, then held him there while Don Saleski rubbed his gloves in MacGregor's face. Dominating play and controlling the corners, the Flyers took a quick 2-0 lead on goals by Rick MacLeish and Dupont, with Clarke assisting on both. Then, in a stunning reversal, the Rangers dropped their pacifist posture and began to bend bodies themselves. Kelly chased a puck into the corner, but just as he touched it, Ranger Defense

man Jim Neilson slammed into him so hard that Kelly lost his gloves as well as the puck. Seconds later New York's Bill Fairbairn scored from a face-off, cutting Philadelphia's lead to 2-1.

Philadelphia gained a 3-1 advantage on a power-play goal midway through the second period, but then the Flyers stopped hitting, stopped checking and stopped skating. "We just died," Clarke said. "Hitting someone all the time can be very tiring; in fact, oftentimes it's tougher than to be hit." Park agreed. "You can't be a hitting team 60 minutes a game," he said. "It's exhausting."

As the Flyers died the Rangers rallied and retaliated, winning the game 5-3 as well as all the remaining battles. Harris ran Kelly into the boards, and Steve Vickers pummeled Gary Dornhoefer. Park decked the Flyers' MacLeish with a short overhand punch to the head. "They were trying to stir things up for the next game," Park said. Near the end five Flyers were in the penalty box, Schultz and Ross Lonsberry were in the dressing room after earning game misconducts, and Kelly was en route to a cast.

The ubiquitous Harris, whose clean hip check sent Boston's Phil Esposito to the operating table in last season's playoffs, had caught Kelly with another clean hip check and put him into the boards, injuring his knee. "Ligaments," the doctor told him in the dressing room.

Kelly watched Round Four on a television set Sunday afternoon, and no doubt he felt like putting his cast through the screen when Rod Gilbert's goal at 4:20 of sudden-death overtime beat the Flyers 2-1. In regulation time Gilbert had been Schultz' particular target, but he always managed to fend off the Hammer's heavy fists with his stick. Gilbert parked at the corner of the crease to Flyer Goalie Bernie Parent's left, took a pass from Vickers and slid the puck past Parent just before Joe Watson pitchforked him to the ice. "It's two out of three now," Clarke said glumly.

While the Philadelphia-New York bout was locked at two rounds apiece, Boston beat Chicago Sunday night and took a 3-2 lead in their semifinal. Except for one brief flare-up between Phil Esposito and Hawk Defenseman Phil Russell and a private war between Boston's Terry O'Reilly and Chicago's Keith Magnuson, the games were played in fairly good humor. No spiked helmets or brass knuckles there.

END



Fighting back for the Rangers, Steve Vickers pummels Gary Dornhoefer (top). Embattled Dave Schultz fends off Don Saleski (center), while Boston's Phil Esposito and Phil Russell of the Hawks (3) catch the fever



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You can always spot a motorcycle racer in a restaurant. He's the one gripping his fork with the first two fingers of his left hand

—NATIONAL CHAMPION KENNY ROBERTS

Last year about this time a pioneer gang of six American motorcycle racers invaded Italy to run in the Imola, Europe's richest road race. They were all extremely tough gentlemen; one finished fifth, one 12th and four either crashed or blew their engines. The Europeans, who invented the sport, found this particularly touching. One Italian expert put it this way. "Most European racers ride as if they want to live. Italian racers ride as if they don't care whether they live or die. But the American racers—ah. They ride as if maybe they *must* on dying."

England's Phil Read, the current world champion in the 500-cc class, sums up U.S. motorcycle racers another way: "In Europe we ride about eight-tenths. If we really have to, we might ride nine-tenths. The crazy ones ride ten-tenths—but not for very long. In America, they seem to ride eleven-tenths all the time."

So much for overseas appraisals of the meanest, most daring group of sporting figures this country has produced so far. Ask a U.S. motorcycle racer if he is hanging in there at eleven-tenths of his potential effort and he'll spit in your eye. This country's present Mr. All-Out is even tougher than that: often at the end of a race he pulls into the pits with muscles so tight that he is almost frozen into his crouched racing stance over the handlebars. He holds the pose until two strong crewmen come along, pry him loose and lift him off his machine.

Kenny Roberts is 22 years old, weighs 135 pounds and is a gristly 5'6". He is the American Motorcycle Association Grand National Champion. Last season,

in racing so competitive that the first 10 events were won by 10 different riders, Roberts placed in the top three in more than half the races, scored almost twice as many points as the second-best rider, won on three of the five different types of tracks, led his Yamaha factory team to the manufacturers' championship and became the youngest rider ever to win the national title. Along the way he earned about \$150,000. It was the most successful season in AMA history. And this year he has jumped off into the point lead again.

Unlike a specialized European racer, a U.S. competitor must be able to ride everywhere, from the twisty pavement of a Pocono to the dusty clay outback of Poona. He must be a sort of Jackie Stewart one week and maybe a bit of Richard Petty the next. He must be able to race on everything from a 60-mph short-tracker (a hot-rod trail bike) to a 120-mph dirt-track bike (an engine wrapped in a bare frame) to a 180-mph road racer (a guided missile that is a lot more missile than it is guided).

Most folks expect that anyone who races these things for a living ought to look more like the horse than the jockey. Nobody seems quite prepared for Roberts, whose appearance falls somewhere between a supermarket bag boy and a high school halfback. Roberts comes on with disheveled red hair flopping as if it were at the bottom of his priorities list, which it is; an impish grin that separates a small but bony nose from a square chin; and wrinkled ears. The rest of him is pure muscle, bottomed off with



KING OF THE ROAD ON TWO WHEELS

by SAM MOSES



bowed legs, the better to grab a cycle frame with. Only on the starting line of a race does the bag-boy look finally disappear. Then, through the window of his full-coverage helmet, one can only see the eyes. They are intense and steel-gray, and that tells it all.

Roberts in full cry goes faster than anybody, whether it is sliding a short-tracker so hard that it almost backs into the turn, or tossing a dirt bike so far on its side that sparks fly up from the dragging engine cases, or leaning a road racer so low in a corner that his knee nips at the pavement. And he started this year just about like he finished the last.

The AMA season opened in the Houston Astrodome in February with a Tourist Trophy event, backed up by mayhem on the short track. A TT track consists of half a dirt oval leading into three twists and a jump that sends a rider into the air like Evel Knievel without his landing ramp. A short track is simply a quarter-mile dirt oval—a brave man's way around the 440-yard dash.

Roberts qualified third fastest and won his heat race looking over his shoulder at all the guys chasing him. But in the TT main event, he needed the entire race to move up after a spinning start—passing riders on the inside of turns, outside, even in midair over the jump. After 11 miles, with one lap to go, he was in second place, 20 yards behind the leader. His last-lap charge fell one bike length—five feet—short, possibly because he doesn't weigh enough for his tires to get sufficient bite at the dirt. "I needed about 50 more pounds," he growled after the race. "I should have eaten more dinner."

Even though he had all the next day to eat, Roberts didn't find those 50 pounds for the short track; in fact, he lost 100, since short-trackers are much smaller than TT bikes. He qualified 33rd fastest in a 48-man field; one-tenth of a second slower and he would have missed the cut. He was, as they say, perturbed. He started razor-cutting his tires for traction, a motorcycle racing ritual. Every razor slice has a purpose, every groove a meaning, some of them secret. Roberts sliced and grooved all evening. And he made one other key change: he removed the rear brake, the only brake on a short-tracker. "I don't use it anyhow," he said.

When the race started, another slip-

continued

perly start put Roberts dead last into the first turn; by the end of the race he had spun his way to fifth place. But it was the first time in four years that he had lost a short track race in the Astrodome.

A month later Roberts slipped into his Jackie Stewart stance for the Daytona 200-mile road race, which may be the most important motorcycle race in the world. This year 57,000 people came: college students on spring vacation up from Miami and down from Duke; March-skinned Midwesterners towing their motorcycles to Florida to play with them; Northeasterners riding their cycles through the slush and into the sunshine; broad-hipped and thin-lipped Dixie ladies in black stretch slacks and white vinyl boots and sequined shirts, with matching husbands leading the way on their "bawgs"—heavy police-type Harley-Davidsons, with Rebel flags streaming from the saddlebags.

Motorcyclists have been migrating to Daytona every March for 33 years, since the days when hard men in baggy leather pants and knee-high boots first raced their ratty single-cylinder "chumpers" on the beach. Now the racers wear custom-made colored leather suits and ride sleek multicylinder machines at 180 mph around the banking. They grip droopy stubby handlebars and hide from the wind under fiber-glass fairings, their

chest and chins pressed against the gas tanks. They keep the first two fingers of their left hand poised over the clutch lever, ready to spring it closed in case the rear wheel locks from a piston seizure. These are the strongest fingers in all sport. Squeezing the clutch lever frees the wheel, but at 180 mph the wheel doesn't have to stop for very long to flip the motorcycle on its side as if it had just run head on into a wall. Motorcycle racers have fingers as nimble as a concert pianist's and tougher than a cliff climber's, and they like to keep them exercised. Which accounts for Roberts being able to spot racers in restaurants.

The malady called piston seizure is the most common form of blown engine in racing motorcycles. This is always dangerous, especially on the high bank at Daytona, and more so with the four-cylinder, fire-breathing, chain-snapping, 750-cc factory Yamaha that Roberts rides.

"At 180, when your front wheel wants to play pogo stick, you don't do nothing," Roberts says. "You don't sneeze, you don't hiccough, you don't even breathe. All you do is point it and hang on."

Hanging on with Roberts at Daytona was dashing Giacomo Agostini, that dimpled darling of the motorbike jet set in Europe, courted and chased by everyone from Federico Fellini (to be a movie

star) to Enzo Ferrari (to be a Formula 1 driver). He brought along Italy's answer to the Arnold Palmer fan club, "Ago's Army," a charter-plane touring troupe of idolizing Italians, including dancing ladies, movie folk, race fans and his personal translator, a leather-beaned bodyguard named Luigi who spoke no more English than Agostini. Agostini (51, June 19, 1972) has won the world road-racing championship, in one engine class or another, 13 times.

But Agostini had never before raced in the U.S., a situation that invited argument that a world championship—even 13 of them—was really only a European championship. Agostini racing against Roberts at Daytona was supposed to settle that argument, especially since they were official factory teammates riding identical Yamahas. So Agostini was being closely watched all right, but still not as closely as he was accustomed to being watched in Europe. Florida is not exactly Torino; folks there don't know a whole lot about "Yurpeans." If a guy can't stick it sideways around the Atlanta Mile, then he just ain't a real 'sickle racer. Roberts can stick it sideways any day of the week, so the spotlight was on him; between interviews and P.R. appearances he was kept running as fast off the track as on.

"I haven't eaten in two days," he grumbled as he got on his big Yamaha for practice.

"I haven't slept in eight days," he grumbled as he got off his big Yamaha and onto his little 250-cc Yamaha to practice for the lightweight race.

"They've been running me ragged," he grumbled as he jumped off his 250 and onto his 750 for qualifying.

"I wish they'd leave me alone," he grumbled as he got off his 750 after qualifying third fastest, which put him in the middle of the front row. Meanwhile, Agostini had recorded fifth-fastest time and was on the outside of the row.

In the race itself, sadly, the great confrontation didn't quite come off: leading just past the halfway mark, Roberts suffered cracked exhaust pipes and managed to coax his overheating machine into second place behind Agostini. He hadn't won Daytona, but he had pocketed about \$12,000 and moved into a point lead toward another championship, 336 to his nearest rival's 270.

All this was a heady distance from the day when, as an 11-year-old kid, Rob-



WHILE OTHER RIDERS CAROUSE, HOMEROBY ROBERTS STAYS WITH WIFE PAT AND SON

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erts gave up his job at a stable grooming Tennessee Walkers to build a motorcycle with an engine from a lawnmower and a frame from a World War II surplus motorbike. He rode the homemade cycle for three years around—and once into—the canals near his home in Modesto, Calif. He began racing when he was 14 and was spotted by a part-time Pan Am pilot named Jim Doyle, who decided on the spot that Kenny Roberts would one day be the national champion. They formed a sort of loose-knit alliance called Doyle-Roberts Racing and things went exactly according to plan. Roberts was novice champion in 1970, junior champion in 1971 and fourth best in 1972, his rookie Grand National year. Doyle was there to provide financial and moral support, and is still there today.

"Whenever Kenny and I are out the night before a race, I always get him to bed early—tell him we've got to race tomorrow," says Doyle. "He says, 'What do you mean, we're got to race? I'm the one that has to ride the bike,' and I tell him, 'Yeah, but I'm on the back of the seat all the way.'"

Doyle's official capacity is undefined—it is somewhere between business manager and chaperone—but unofficially he is Roberts' buffer. When you're an easy-going 22-year-old one day and the next day you're the best in the country, if not the world, at something very dangerous and very glamorous—and you're making \$150,000 at that something—you need a buffer against the outside world. But Doyle considers his real talent the ability to turn a prodigy into a champion.

"There are a hundred riders with the natural ability to be No. 1," he says, "but they need someone to spark them. I am Kenny Roberts' spark."

If Doyle is the spark, then an expatriated Aussie named Kel Carruthers is the kindling. Carruthers was 250-cc world champion in 1969 and came to America to race in 1970; he figured strongly in AMA road racing that year and 1971, when he took Roberts under his wing. For the next two seasons Roberts played high-speed shadow to Carruthers, and in those two years he learned much of what it took Carruthers 20 years to learn about going around corners.

"For his age and experience, Kenny's knowledge is fantastic," says Carruthers, who hung up his helmet this year and now personally prepares all of the U.S. Yamaha road racers in addition to be-

ing the voice of wisdom for the team. "At Houston, when he was having so much trouble getting a bite, he went off by himself and sat in the grandstands for a while after the short track qualifying. When he came back to the pits, he had decided what changes had to be made—about half a dozen, all guesses, no time to test them out. The fact that he finished fifth after qualifying 33rd says a great deal about his tuning instinct."

Sometimes, when he can't get off by himself, Roberts will sit on his bike in the clamor and commotion of the pits and grip the handlebars in a racing crouch. He'll stay that way for minutes, motionless, entranced. Then he'll suddenly snap out of it, swing off the seat and recite a list of necessary changes in the engine or suspension, as if the handlebars had been antennae and he had received a message through them.

"I've never seen anyone pick up road racing as fast as Kenny has," adds Carruthers. "Last year I followed him more than he followed me."

"You can only learn so much in two years," says Roberts candidly. "Kel has taught me a lot about both riding and tuning, and I've learned quicker than I thought I could, but to say I'm the best road racer in the world would be shaming everyone. I've done my share of winning, but I lack so much experience compared to some of those guys that it dazzles me. Daytona was my 28th road race; some of those guys have been racing almost that many years."

Roberts is the same low key in his personal life. Last year he was voted the most popular rider by his fellow racers, a recognition that is rarely earned by the top dog in any sport. The recognition didn't come from drinking beer with the boys; at the races Roberts spends his spare time with his 17-year-old wife Pat and their nine-month-old son Kenneth Lee. When the rest of the racers are up to their high-life shenanigans, Roberts is back at his motel room, a hotbed of Pampers and Gerber's. Or he is pushing little Kenny Lee around the pits in his stroller, which is a sight: a little pink chubby baby dressed in tiny racing leathers that match his father's, down to the initials on the front and big No. 1 on the back.

"Kenny is a homebody," says his mother, Alice Roberts, a strong-willed, earthy woman with closely cut gray hair, a woman who liberated herself years before it became fashionable. "General

Motors is giving him a fancy motor home to drive around this year, so he can take Pat and Kenny Lee and won't have to be away from them so much. He's excited about that." ("There won't be no phone in it," says Roberts. "If anybody wants me, they'll have to set up a road-block.")

Alice Roberts likes to tell people that her boy races motorcycles, and she tells a lot of people at the races, where she sells Kenny Roberts T shirts, pictures, posters and jigsaw puzzles.

"We're not doing it so much for the money," she says. "But it's time motorcycle racers were accepted the same way baseball and football players are, and this is one way of doing it."

Yamaha has its own way of doing it. When Agostini signed his contract this year, the company flew him to the U.S. from Italy for a press conference. Roberts also was there: the American National Champion, weaned on dirt tracks like Sacramento and Sedalia but matured on road courses like Daytona and Talladega, right up there with the perennial World Champion, whose victories had come on famous circuits from Monza to Nürburgring. The next time they were together for the press was in Victory Circle at Daytona.

Well, there was one thing. Agostini was late for that meeting. After the race he was so exhausted that his army had to lift him off his motorcycle. It was 20 minutes before he had the energy to make it to Victory Circle. By then most of the press had given up.

But no matter. Roberts was there to answer questions. Yes, he felt he could have beaten Agostini if his exhaust pipes hadn't cracked. No, he wasn't tired—the only problem was he couldn't hear too well because his ears were still ringing. Yes, he was heading off to race in Europe and would be back when the AMA Grand National Championship circuit resumed its weekly events May 19. No, he had never seen a foreign track, but he reckoned he could handle them, all right.

He could, indeed. In the weeks since, Roberts has come along to rival Agostini as the darling of the continent, placing second at Imola and wheeling his 750-cc Yamaha to the individual championship in England's Trans-Atlantic Trophy meet—best mark ever scored by an American. No matter what the country, like the man said, Roberts rides eleven-tenths all the time.

END



HE'S GOT THE FORMULA RIGHT HERE

Carmen Salvino thinks of his arm as a pendulum now. Not too long ago everyone else thought Carmen was a yo-yo. Bowling's onetime boy wonder is making a comeback, thanks to a weird mathematical equation

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

If I had led a normal life I would've been bored to death," says Carmen Salvino, who has bowled through life on and off the alleys. The 40-year-old Salvino has been a success despite unaligned hips, a short leg and a swollen ego that has alternately made him as loathed as a 7-10 split or as beloved as a clown. Twenty years ago he was one of the finest bowlers and the most captivating showman in the sport. High scores and sonic-boom laughs were his trademarks. By 1969, though, he could not find the strike pocket and was on the brink of a breakdown. As a last resort he sought help from Hank Luhr, a pal from his early bowling days in Chicago.

Lahr, an engineer, was on an extended leave of absence from his job of constructing nuclear power plants. "You can't believe how far Carmy had sunk," Lahr recalls. "I told him bowling could be reduced to a mathematical equation that could make him a champion again. But he would have to trust me. The work wouldn't be easy."

Lahr began by having Salvino tell him all he knew about bowling: footwork, shoes, angles, speed, lane conditions, temperature, humidity and air conditioning at the alleys, approach, release, follow-through, instinct, aim, ball rotation, strategy. For eight, 10, 12 hours a day they went at it. They argued, fought, yelled. "It used to be that my body ached from bowling," Salvino says, "but after those sessions it was my mind."

"We invented a language, a combination of layman's terms and engineering terms," Lahr says. "For six months I taught Carmy the basics of physics and engineering. When he wanted to quit I'd say, 'Go ahead. Be stupid.' If a .300 hitter can't get out of a slump it's usually because he doesn't know what he's looking for. He's proved he has the talent to hit, but that's not enough unless he also has knowledge about hitting. What can you learn from practice if you don't know what you're doing? Carmy had to learn the value of knowledge, of thought and problem solving. I also taught him the uselessness of being negative. I'd say, 'Tell me one way being negative will help.' He couldn't. This sounds easy, but it's not when a man's locked into a deeply negative state."

Almost imperceptibly progress was made: portions of the bowling equation were found, Salvino toppled more pins and Lahr's philosophical discourses broadened Carmy's outlook. In June of 1971 Salvino finished fifth at the Fresno Open. Two months later at the Grand Rapids Open, Salvino lost to Tommy Tuttle by one pin. Carmy wept. "I admit it," he says. "When they handed me my check I told the crowd, 'I'm emotional. I always will be. I just want you to know one thing—I'm back.'"

Again in 1972 he came close to winning, but a last-frame strike by Barry

Asher deprived him of victory in the Japan Gold Cup in Tokyo. It was, however, a fine year in other respects: Salvino and Asher took the American Bowling Congress Classic Doubles for pros and Carmen earned money in 27 events on the Professional Bowlers Association tour, a record. As gratifying as that was, Salvino's deepest longing had not yet been satisfied. "I had won 10 PBA titles, but I hadn't taken one since 1968," he said.

While Salvino traveled with the PBA tour Lahr remained in Chicago, where he labored for 18 months on the elusive equation. He came up with the following, in which E_{Total} is total energy; E_T is the energy of translational forces; E_R is the energy of rotational forces and E_{LF} is energy loss caused by lane friction: $E_{Total} = E_T + E_R - E_{LF}$.

To a physicist the equation is sound but essentially meaningless because it is just about impossible for a human to apply it while bowling. There are too many variables. No matter to Salvino, who believes in it and has the scores to back up his belief. In his own mind he thinks of his right arm as a controlled pendulum (E_T) and goes around mumbling to himself about vector analysis and the principle of Archimedes.

Salvino continued to bowl well early in 1973, and at the Lincoln-Mercury Open in New Orleans he qualified for the fifth and last spot on the TV finals. Stringing strikes the way he did in his prime, he beat Dennis Swayda 225-183, Gus Lampo 248-212 and Alex Seymore 236-216. And in the finale his five straight strikes finished off Bob Strampe 245-204 for the title, \$10,000 and a new car. Salvino had made it all the way back.

Carmen Salvino was born in Chicago, but his father felt the family would do better on a Florida tenant farm, and the Salvinos soon moved south. For a year Carmen had no shoes. For two years he had one pair of overalls. There were long days of work. School was a place to rest his aching body. Carmen and his older brother plowed fields. They did not have a horse, so one brother held the plow, the other put on the traces.

One year 10 acres of tomatoes grew in

lush splendor, but a heavy frost destroyed the crop. After five years the family returned to Chicago, where Carmen shined shoes on Madison Street. Then in 1945, when he was 11, he found he could earn \$3 a night setting pins at a bowling alley, an enormous sum to a boy who in Florida had been paid \$2 for digging potatoes by hand for 14 hours.

"The first ball I ever threw was a strike," Salvino recalls. By the time he was 16 his average was 203. Chicago then was the mecca of bowling and the Chicago Classic League the most prestigious in the country. At 17 Salvino beat out 6,000 bowlers for \$3,000 first-place money in a national tournament called the Don DeVito Classic and soon became the youngest ever to roll in the Classic League. At the time Salvino wore bib overalls with *OSAKOSHI MY GOSH* on the back, and he publicly announced, "I'm great and I'm gonna be the best bowler alive." Other bowlers resented him, understandably, and Salvino remembers deciding, "The way to show 'em is to beat 'em, stomp on 'em and let 'em know how good I am. I was hated by the players and the public. After a while I didn't care. I was getting bigger and meaner all the time."

At 19 he went to the National Doubles with Joe Wilman who then was thought to be washed up. "We finished second to Fred Bujack and Don Carter," Salvino says. "That year Carter had already won the singles and team championships, and all he needed to wrap things up was the doubles. In those days the second-place team at the nationals could challenge the winner to two matches. Whoever had the high total for those matches won the title. We challenged Bujack and Carter decided to bowl first at a site of their choosing and pressure us by building up a big lead. They beat us in Detroit by 248 pins. Then we bowled 'em in Chicago. We beat 'em by 650 pins and won the championship—washed up Joe Wilman and the punk kid."

In 1954 Salvino was on the squad that won the ABC team title, and he was being called The Boy Wonder. He was good, and he did not let anyone forget it. After losing 12 straight match games

Continued

to Salivno, Osear (Iron Man) Stevenson was so distraught that he stuck his head in the ball-return rack.

Salivno's nickname was Spook, and he had a rubber stamp with a Kilo-style face on it and the words, "Spook Was Here." Spook was everywhere. "I stamped everything," he says, "floors, ceilings, walls, toilet paper, windows, women's blouses."

People could not avoid Salivno's ego or his rubber stamp. When things did not go his way he argued, shouted and kicked the ball-return rack until balls thundered to the floor and rolled aimlessly, as loud and out of control as Spook himself. And yet he could not fathom why people disliked him, or so he said.

When the Dallas Broncos played their opening match in the new National Bowling League in 1961, Salivno threw the very first ball, got a strike and finished the night with eight strikes and a superb 232 average. Those were the days. Salivno's games were underlined by his leaping, sliding mannerisms and by his high scores. Not even the collapse of the NBL after one season could stop Salivno. He quickly proved himself in the PBA, of which he was already a charter member.

Salivno was involved in as many zany escapades off the alleys as on. To win a \$20 bet he climbed a rickety 55-foot diving tower in Houston and did what he describes as "half a belly flopper that left

my body black and blue for a month." In Pontiac, Mich. he accidentally walked through a plate-glass door, severely gashed his bowling hand and then, immediately on his release from the hospital, rolled a 700 series in tournament play.

On the eve of a revolution in Caracas, he says, soldiers halted his cab, found some round "bombs" and ordered him to stand against a wall with his arms raised. Tommy guns were aimed at him. But he claims he made this difficult diplomatic spare by convincing the soldiers the round objects were bowling balls that had not yet had finger holes drilled in them.

Physically he was a marvel. He did daily sit-ups, push-ups and drills. During a power failure in Puerto Rico he walked down 23 flights to the hotel lobby, then realized he had forgotten to put a weighted belt on his waist, and returned to his room for it. Wearing the belt, he walked down once more to the lobby.

"I'm like steel," used to be his favorite line. About the only complaint Salivno had during his glory days in the mid-'60s was that he was rapidly growing bald.

Salivno's collapse came suddenly. In 1968 his curve began skittering across the lanes, knocking down fewer and fewer pins. He figured out what was wrong, yet he was unable to correct the situation. Alleys were being coated with new surfacing agents that cut costs, and because of their hard finish it was almost impossible to make a big curve behave properly. Bowlers with cranked-up curves pocked and went home. Salivno could not. Bowling had been his salvation, had fed his ego, had made him what he was. Life on the tour—travel, meals, rooms, entrance fees—is expensive. Salivno earned \$28,170 on the tour in 1967 but barely \$12,000 each of the next two years. The Boy Wonder was 35—no boy, no wonder.

Once he went six tournaments without pocketing money. After early elimination from one event Salivno went home, hoping that a look at movies of how he bowled when at his peak would enable him to regain his touch. Back on tour he was asked what he had learned. "That I used to have a lot more hair," Salivno said. But he knew he was in dire trouble.

His frustrations manifested themselves in many ways. He drove 600 miles round

trip to have a ball drilled. It was no help. Salivno's "body of steel" snapped after 83 exhibitions in 90 days while he was trying to earn money he could no longer win on the tour. That sidelined him for six weeks.

As part of his effort to get back to winning form, Salivno underwent extensive physical therapy. He discovered that his hips were out of line, and he began walking exercises, wearing a belt with two arrows; when they were aligned, so were his hips. He exercised so much that he wore a path in the living room carpet, but he learned how to keep his hips in line.

Next he found that his right leg was shorter than his left and that his feet toed out excessively. Now he wears a shoe that is built up one-quarter of an inch, and he no longer tilts to the right. Correcting his splay feet was not that simple. When he went to bed he had to wear 15-pound orthopedic boots connected by steel rods that kept his feet and toes straight. Salivno still brings along weight belts when he travels. And at home he goes for long rides on a stationary bicycle.

In the depths of his slump Salivno bought a blender and juice extractor, and took them on tour. His roommate, Jim Seafanich, moved out. "Couldn't blame him," Salivno says. "The room looked like a vegetable garden—carrots, tomatoes, grapefruit, oranges, lemons."

Salivno tried just about everything to help his game. Once he decided his bowling ball should be harder, so he stuck it in an oven. When he took it out the ball had melted into an egg shape. Another time he poured a plastic solution into the finger holes to improve his grip. Since he was to bowl on TV shortly, he placed the ball near a hot plate to help dry the plastic. Minutes later the ball was on fire.

Salivno sometimes seemed to worry about his hair as much as his game. "When my hair started to disappear I tried a vibrator on my scalp," he says. "It didn't help, so I read books about growing hair. One suggested using peanut oil, so I rubbed it on my head. I rubbed and rubbed, but it didn't grow any hair."

"When I went to Japan I noticed the Japanese all had plenty of hair. I figured there had to be a reason, and I decided it had to be seaweed. They eat lots of it. So I brought seaweed home and ate it, but my hair kept disappearing. I was getting bald. I figured seaweed might help

continued



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Never one to desist, Salvino mentioned his dilemma to a friend who performs hair transplants, and for the past few years he has had free treatments. "You know I'm vain when I agree to take 300 needles in my scalp," he says, now displaying almost a full head of hair.

Salvino owes his rebirth as a bowler entirely to Lahr, whom he met in Chicago 20 years ago. "Hank was a college student and came to the lanes with an armload of books and a slide rule," Salvino recalls. "I challenged him to a game. He beat me. And then he beat me again. So I became his doubles partner, and we never lost."

"When I was going bad I remembered Hank and how scientific he was about bowling. I told him I needed help, and we met in Chicago. First thing he said was, 'I'm the teacher. You're my student.' My tremendous ego made this hard to accept. He saw this on my face and said, 'If you don't want it that way, if you know so much, then why are you here?' I thought a second and said, 'O.K., teach.'"

"He's taught me so much more than bowling. He's opened my mind and made me a better human being. Hank gave 2½ years of his life to help me, and he still spends many hours at it."

"Hank Lahr made me the Human Equation. He's proved to me that too many athletes are finished too young. I'm bowling better than ever, and I feel, as I gain more mastery of the equation, that I will do things that have never been done with a bowling ball."

Salvino sometimes spends hours contemplating his newfound philosophy. "I jot down a lot of things," he says. "How's this one: 'A man without compassion does not cast a shadow.' What do I mean by that? I mean that a man without compassion is not a man at all. It hasn't been easy for me to learn how to live. I made lots of enemies. Everything about me then was filled with arrogance."

Today no bowler captivates fans as Salvino does with his natural showman-

ship. On the PBA tour, men, women and children gather around him. His appearance at the Lincoln-Mercury Open last February was largely responsible for drawing 18 million television viewers, the highest number for any bowling event at that time. Following his victory Salvino was interviewed by Chris Schenkel. He paid tribute to Lahr and said, "I bowl according to a mathematical equation now." That was all. But, says Ned Stockel, producer of the program for ABC, "The network was deluged with mail from people wanting to know about the equation. We got more mail about that than any sports events we had broadcast aside from the Olympics."

Last year Salvino earned \$38,302 on the tour, his highest figure ever. This year he is maintaining that pace, having won \$13,592 in the first 14 PBA tournaments.

Even if he were not bowling well, Salvino would still hold one segment of his vast following: the Japanese. Only a handful of the top American bowlers compete against the Japanese in their annual Gold Cup, but the Japanese insist that even if Salvino does not qualify, he should be permitted to join the troupe anyway. Thus he is the only one to have competed in all 10 Gold Cups.

"Why do people want to be around me?" Salvino asks rhetorically. "Because I make 'em happy, that's why. I know my role and I have to be sensitive to the needs of people. If I'm going bad, they don't want to hear my troubles. They want to be entertained. I've thought about this, and I'm convinced the best downs are the most sensitive people."

"So many young athletes are robots all business, no emotion. They're Johnny Cools who are afraid to be themselves. If a man misses in any sport and smiles, I say, 'I can't trust this man. He's not honest with his emotions.' If you're a robot, how can you enjoy?"

Then, with a wink, Salvino adds, "One day I'm gonna go out on the lanes with a slide rule, and I'll fiddle with it, push it this way and that and think real deep. Then I'll snap my fingers so everybody will know I have the answer. And then I'll role a strike and blow everybody's mind. They'll know the Human Equation has been there, but they'll also know he's not a robot and that life is for living and having fun. I'm always talking. Never shut up. Love to make people feel good. After all, why should I have all this happiness and not share it?"

END

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In our winter dreams of summer places we see them as we would like them to be, blue and white, sparkling, tranquil. We forget what it was like to search for a parking space on a hot day while an ocean waited just beyond the dune. Such is not the stuff of dreams, but it is the reality of resorts in a short summer. Here is a case in pictures for the pleasures of May and June, of September and October—the off-season, the quiet season, the “wrong” season.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN-ARMYTAGE







A solitary kite above the giant dunes of Nags Head, an egret chasing minnows in the shallows of the Pea Island wildlife refuge, a fisherman at the edge of a Hatteras morningtide, these are the sights of spring on the Outer Banks, a slender 90-mile barrier of land and ever-shifting sand off the North Carolina coast.



Part of the stimulation is the changing weather, the foreknowledge that one noon's lulling heat may be followed the next dawn by 50-mph winds that blanket the beach flowers with sand and churn the ocean and clouds into the sort of frenzy that has caused more than 500 ships to founder here. In the aftermath of such a gale a surfer has no trouble finding a wave to call his own





A MONTH LATER—
AND 700 MILES NORTH

On Maine's Monhegan Island, serene until the summer crowds arrive, walking trails meander from the exposed rocks of the Atlantic side through forests of spruce and clearings of daisies and buttercups to its tiny settlement on the lee shore. There, island people, ready for company after a lonely winter, meet the ferries from the mainland 10 miles away and gather at the schoolhouse to watch the sun go down.



The pine-timber blockhouse of Fort Edgecomb looks out from a hillside of wildflowers over Wiscasset Harbor, where the hulks of two coasting schooners, the *Hesper* and the *Luther Little*, list on the flats, their graceful lines a reminder of the days when this Maine town was the busiest seaport north of Boston. Time slows to a walk, too, in the clapboard village of Somesville, Mount Desert Island's oldest settlement. Spring comes late here and in its last weeks the light still has the pale green cast of new leaf.





The fierce storms of a Down East winter are over. The glistening days of midsummer are still a month away. In between, on a still June morning, an ocean of fog rolls in from the open Atlantic and eerily isolates the craggy headlands of Mount Desert Island's eastern shore.



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friendly. After all, why be in agony when you can be in ecstasy with Jiffies.

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MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT KICKOFF

A short, hyperactive 38-year-old man named Eddie Einhorn has been working very hard these past few weeks to rearrange your Thursday evening TV habits. If everything works out as Einhorn hopes, on the night of July 18 you will joyfully abandon summer reruns and return to your old love—live pro football, which at that point will have been missing from your home screen for practically six whole months. The game most likely will be between the Toronto Northmen and the New York Stars, coming to you from Toronto—the TV debut of the World Football League, that latest entry into the alphabet soup of American sport. Einhorn himself will be there, plus a crew of 30, six cameras and two slow-motion taping machines.

Thereafter—again if everything goes according to Einhorn's plans—you will be watching a WFL game from somewhere for the following 18 Thursday evenings in a row, or well into November.

Before air has been pumped into a single WFL ball, Einhorn and his independent "occasional" network called TVS have already cleared more than 80 stations to carry the games. Einhorn hopes to have as many as 130 by the time the league actually gets down to playing. That will mean, he says, that the action will be available to nearly 85% of the country. Einhorn has no doubt that the WFL can overcome whatever problems it has. "Who is going to play for Toronto until Csonka, Kuck and Warfield get there in 1975?" he was asked recently at a New York cocktail party. Without blinking an eye, he replied, "Three other guys!"

Wildly unlike ABC, CBS or NBC, TVS is basically a four-man operation that buys rights to sports events, draws up contracts with stations—both independents and network-affiliated—and sells commercial time to advertisers. Working out of offices on Park Avenue in New York, TVS has already brought in Fireman's Fund American Life Insurance Co., BankAmerica and Chevrolet as sponsors of the Thursday night games. For the telecast rights TVS expects to pay the WFL \$1.5 million. In January that proposition seemed as sound as putting screen doors on submarines. But odds are, says Einhorn, that TVS will bring as some

\$5 million from sponsors and he is confident that the new league will more than hold its own in the ratings. The WFL's regular schedule will be played Wednesday evenings, with one game each week held back for TV on Thursday, an arrangement similar to the NFL's policy on Monday night football for ABC. Why Thursday? "On Thursdays," says Einhorn, "people will have stopped talking about last weekend's NFL games and won't have started talking about the games for next weekend."

Einhorn rejects the argument that football has reached the saturation point on television, the same question that was raised four years ago when ABC announced its scheme for Monday night games. "I get that overexposure stuff all the time," he says. "I'll believe football has reached the saturation point when advertisers stop being interested in it and when people aren't watching it in large numbers."

Einhorn is a man who came out of nowhere and edged his way, little by little, into the television industry. He grew up in Paterson, N.J., with a vast interest in most sports and an abiding one in college basketball. After attending the University of Pennsylvania and Northwestern University's School of Law he took over the family's insurance business when his father died suddenly. Then one day in 1961 he decided ("on the spur of the moment") to buy the rights to a basketball game between St. Bonaventure and Bradley being played at Madison Square Garden, and send it back to Buffalo and Peoria. The rights cost about \$1,000 and Einhorn worked one of the microphones. "Made \$400 on the game," he says, "but that was my last bit of serious announcing. I was glad enough but my voice quality was no good."

From that beginning, Einhorn kept plugging away, supported by his wife Ana's income as a hospital records librarian. "I didn't make a nickel for seven years," he says, "but I really felt that what I was try-



ing to do would eventually catch on." He bought the TV rights of various college basketball conferences and an 1968 telecast that magnificent game between Houston and UCLA which drew 52,693 to the Astrodome to see the duel between Lew Alcindor and Elvin Hayes. More than 20 million watched it on the tube. TVS' profit was \$50,000.

Today TVS owns the basketball rights of every major college conference except the ACC, as well as the top independents. Einhorn has enough Saturday afternoon regional games locked up to employ, on a freelance basis, as many as 12 different producer-directors, 24 announcers and more than 200 technicians in a single day. In 1973 TVS did more than \$5 million worth of business. This year three of its productions are up for Emmy nominations for achievement in sports programming. "It seems that I have been in the television business for 13 years and now I've become an overnight success," says Einhorn.

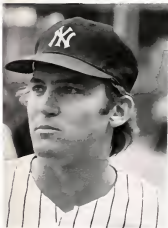
TVS has signed Merle Harmon and hopes to sign ex-Detroit Lion Alpa Karris as announcers and will use guests as the third member of its WFL team. Women may make the scene at times and, if legally possible, some of those big-name next-year WFLers. "I believe that the WFL already has attained credibility," Einhorn says. "Our pitch to the stations and to advertisers is, 'Can you afford not to be in on it if it takes off?'"

Apparently not.

Case of the diffident clouter

Everybody's keyed up about Graig Nettles' homer splurge but Graig

This should be the happiest of seasons for Graig Nettles of the New York Yankees, whose home-run binge has generated outrageous Rulhian projections, but if it is, Nettles is doing a good job of concealment. The 29-year-old third baseman is a six-foot 187-pounder who acts as if he holds the copyright to the term low-keyed despite his phenomenal start in this, his seventh major league season. In prior years Nettles' batting average and run production were proof only that April is indeed the cruellest month. The expectations that arose in 1968 when he hit five home runs in his first four days in the majors were frustrated year after year.



Perhaps as penalty for that imposing debut and subsequent cooling off, Nettles has been shortchanged on plaudits he believes he deserved. Last year, for instance, he hit 22 homers and drove in 81 runs, the former a Yankee record for third basemen, but instead of applause for respectable labor, he heard only grumbling over unfulfilled potential when the Yanks fell out of the pennant race.

Ah, but this year. Through the first 22 games he hit 11 homers, nearly half the club's total, to break Frank Robinson's American League record for the leadoff month and tie Willie Stargell's major league mark. During that time Nettles had a 10-game RBI streak, a .304 batting average and was the American League Player of the Week twice. In an astounding doubleheader against his former Cleveland Indian teammates he drove in seven runs with four homers and a single.

Those who dote on projections pointed out that if Nettles continued at his current home-run pace he would surpass Babe Ruth's 60 for 1927 by exactly 31, which may be a trifle much to expect. More rational is the assumption that he will top his previous high of 28 by a smaller number—and maybe even kick up his heels a time or two. So far, though, his only discernible tinge of color has been the way he spells his first name. Through his hitting rampage he has looked like a roller derby fan watching a bullet. After he tagged Kansas City's Marty Pattin for homer No. 10 he was approached by a reporter, column in mind, who asked, "Graig, is this the real you? Is your theme song *Que Sera, Sera*, you know, whatever will be, will be?" Nettles replied, "I know what it means. Yeah, I guess it is, but you can't quote me." To another who asked, "Won't you be sorry to see this month end?" he said, "No, because I can't move into my new apartment until the first of May. Right now I'm living with my family in a motel in Paramus, N.J."

"I know I'm swinging the bat good," he did go on, "so my chances of hitting a home run are good. The thing is, it can come and go in one day. Tomorrow I might get up to the plate and feel lost. I haven't set out to get any record, so it isn't any big thrill. I don't think about home runs and I'm not going to worry about them. I try to be the same person, one way or another. To keep my sanity,

I don't try to get too high on a good day or too low on a bad one."

Nettles does Nettles offer any ready explanation why he has started this season so well when others began disastrously. Hard work might be the answer. Nettles reported to spring training 10 pounds lighter than his '73 playing weight and, thanks to Yankee Manager Bill Virdon, benefited from more hitting time than he had previously been given.

Nettles was born in San Diego, where he spent many youthful hours swinging a bat in the North Park neighborhood playground, as did Ted Williams. Like Williams and Roger Maris, Nettles wears No. 9 on his uniform, which may not sound like coincidence one day. Maris' 11th homer in 1961, the year of his 61, came on May 30, in the Yanks' 40th game. Nettles is 18 games ahead of that pace. Who knows—74 in '74? That kind of season might get even Nettles excited.

THE WEEK

(April 21-27)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL WEST During a game at Dodger Stadium a message for Catcher Joe Ferguson was flashed on the scoreboard: YOU'RE A POPPA/IT'S A GIRL/ 8 POUNDS, 9 OUNCES/AT 2:51/AND MOM IS DOING FINE. The Dodgers had a message of their own for the rest of the league: beware of L.A. plucking. Don Sutton improved his record to 4-4 with a 6-1 win, and the next day Tommy John completed a three-game sweep of the Phillies with a four-hit, 1-0 performance. That brought John's ERA down to 0.86 and made him 3-0, the first Dodger ever to win five times in April. After losing their week's opener, the Dodgers won five games, yielding just seven runs. Their pitchers' timeliest helper was Tom Paciorek, whose pinch three-run homer in the ninth toppled the Phillies 5-3. Manager Walter Alston, 62, took a few spins on his new motorcycle, then explained, "Just trying to close the generation gap." Meanwhile the Dodgers opened a 3½-game gap over the second-place Astros.

Ron Bryant of the Giants became the first major league streaker when he scampered up and down the aisle of the team bus. In the ball park it was the Mets' turn to strap Bryant, 6-0. But Mike Caldwell, whose trade for Willie McCovey had prompted who's CALDWELL? headlines, beat Montreal 8-2 to bring his record to 4-1.

Despite hitting only three homers all week,

Cincinnati won four of six. The Reds beat the Cubs 1-0 behind Jack Billingham when George Foster walked with the bases full in the bottom of the ninth.

Attendance continued to lag in Atlanta, with a mere 6,834 fans out for a two-game series against Pittsburgh. Richie Hochner of the Pirates visited a local war museum one afternoon and said the figures "reminded me of Atlanta fans; they just stand there." Henry Aaron, though, did just stand there. Three times he trotted around the bases after homering. Two of his drives were game winners, a two-run homer beating the Pirates 3-2 and a grand slam snipping a 3-3 tie en route to a 9-3 victory over the Cubs. That raised Aaron's home-run total to 719, and his bone-loaded smash was the 15th of his career, a league record.

Houston hit a resounding .313 as a team, the most Astronomical of the batters being Tommy Helms (.476) and Bob Watson (.458). Claude Osteen contributed to a 4-2 week by blanking the Braves 7-0.

Everyone in San Diego agreed something had to be done after a 10-1 loss to the Reds had dropped the Padre record to 3-13. So Manager John McNamara had the players discard their white spikes and don black ones. And just like that the Padres were transformed, winning five of their next six outings. Dave Friesleben, 22, up from Hawaii, pitched a four-hit, 6-2 victory over the Phillies in his big-league debut.

LA 10-5 HOUS 12-0 CIN 10-2
SF 11-0 ATL 11-10 SD 9-14

NL EAST Last year Ken Reitz of the Cardinals strongly resisted tips from Harry Walker, then the batting instructor. "I'm a pull hitter," said the brash Reitz. "Walker cost me 30 points on my average trying to get me to go to right." This spring Manager Red Schoendienst suggested that Reitz choke up on his bat. Now Reitz has put all the advice together and leads the majors with a .421 average. He got to the top by hitting .632 last week, in one game finishing off the Reds 4-3 with a 10th-inning double. Lou Brock, with six more steals, was off to his fastest start ever: 12 successful thefts since being caught in his first try. Poor pitching, however, resulted in a 2-3 Cardinal week.

Chicago pitchers couldn't steal a thing, while the Cub hitters' .225 average was the league's worst and the fielders handled the new cowhide ball like city folk trying to milk Elsie. Help clearly was needed. So the Cubs dipped into the minors and brought up Bobby Adams, an infield instructor. Alas, they lost five straight.

In a week involving much interdivisional play, only one Eastern team was a winner. That was the Pirates, who hit seven homers while taking three of five.

The early-season surprise teams, Montreal and Philadelphia, faltered. Following a 9-5 romp over the Cardinals and an 8-4 defeat of the Giants, Jim Little of the Expos said, "This club has a real killer instinct." For the rest of the week, though, it was the other clubs that were killers as the Expos lost three games.

Manager Danny Ozark seemed to have installed some killer in his Phillies with a 45-minute tongue-lashing after a loss to the Padres. The players took the field the next day in a fighting mood, and fight they did—in a bench-clearing melee with the Padres—but war they did not for the fifth time in a row.

Before facing the Giants, Tom Seaver of the Mets screeched his locker and asked, "Are you there, Gribble?" Where did you go?" Much had been said about the ineffectiveness of the pitch, especially when Seaver's ERA rose to 6.12 as he began the week by giving up 12 hits and six runs to the Pirates in five innings. But Seaver found his fastball in the San Francisco game, winning 6-0. Then it was Centerfielder Dave Schneck's turn to suffer. Twice Schneck fell down while chasing routine flies, turning one into a triple and the other into a four-base error.

MONT 9-5 SF 11-0 PHIL 9-10
CHI 6-0 NY 5-12 PIT 5-12

AL WEST David Clyde of the Rangers promised, "We're gonna give the people of Dallas a division championship in 1974." Then Clyde, age 19, went out and had a honey tune, beating New York 6-1 in his first complete game in the majors. Ferguson Jenkins and Jim Bill by both defeated Boston to earn their fourth victories. It was all part of a 3-2 week that put the Rangers on top in the West, the first time the Washington-Texas team has been there this far into a season.

Oakland, 2-3, slipped to second, and there was a flash of wrath from Pitcher Vada Blue. After being taken out in the eighth inning with a 4-3 lead against the Angels and then watching two relievers get shelled, Blue vented his anger by pounding a bat against the clubhouse bat rack.

Chicago snapped back with a 4-1 week. Reliever Terry Foster struck out eight of 11 men he faced in a 7-2 win over the Brewers. The lushest White Sox hitter was Brian Downing, who, in his 12 at bats, had seven hits (three of them homers) and 10 RBIs.

Moved from the No. 5 spot in the lineup to No. 3, Amos Otis of the Royals went 9 for 16. Nelson Briles was shelved for knee surgery, but his replacement—Al Fitzmorris—beat the Red Sox twice in five days, 5-2 and 10-3.

Minnesota, 2-3, decked Detroit on Steve Braun's 10th-inning homer and the five-hit pitching of Dick Woodson and Bill Campbell. Robust hitting earned California past

the A's 9-5 but then the Angels lost four times. Slumping Nolan Ryan lost to the Indians 4-2, walking seven men in 4½ innings and raising his season's total to 30 in 36½ innings.

TEX 11-7 OAK 10-8 CAL 9-10
MINN 9-5 KC 9-8 CHI 7-10

AL EAST "How about putting a little white propeller on the caps? Then we'll really look neat." That was the reaction of Pitcher Bill Lee to changes in the Red Sox uniform that made many record red inserts in the caps, solid red socks instead of the traditional red, white and blue ones. Boston hit only two homers in a 2-5 week, and it did not help that opponents stole 12 bases, giving them a total of 12 in 27 attempts as regular Catcher Carlton Fisk remained benched with a groin injury.

Reliever John Haller excelled for the Tigers. In 13 innings he allowed just one run as he picked up his third win and two saves. Jim Northrup beat the Brewers 6-5 with a 14th-inning double, but it was Willie Horton who kept the Tigers in that game with a home run and three superb catches in left field. And Eddie Brinkman slugged two homers in a game for the first time in his 11-year career. With such Aaronsness, Detroit was 3-2 and stayed in fifth place. Designated Hitter Al Kaline was jogging in the dugout runway between trips to the plate. Thus limbered up, the 39-year-old Kaline was batting .309, having racked up 21 hits on the season. He has 118 hits to go to reach 3,000.

Milwaukee, 2-3, stayed atop the East as Jim Slaton beat the Twins 9-0 four days after his wild pitch had cost him a 3-2 loss to Chicago. The Twins seem to bring out the best in the Brewers, who beat them eight times in 12 games last season and who also downed them 4-3 last week.

Only percentage points buck were the Orioles, 4-2. Three times they won in extra innings, 6-5 over the Yankees on Mike Reinbach's 13th-inning hit; 4-3 over the Angels on Rich Coggins' 10th-inning hit; and 6-5 over the A's on a 200-foot sacrifice fly by Andy Eschebarran in the 15th.

Yankee players were stunned by a trade that sent almost half the pitching staff—Fred Beene, Fritz Peterson, Steve Kline and Tom Buskey—to the Indians for First Baseman Chris Chambers and Pitchers Dick Tidrow and曹 Upshaw. Ironically, strong pitching enabled the Yankees to split six games. Cleveland, 3-2, still struggled in the cellar even though Chambers got a three-run double in his last at bat as an Indian to beat the Angels 4-3, and the Perrys both won. Jim stopped the Angels 6-0 and Gaylord stymied the A's 2-1.

BOS 9-5 BAL 10-7 NY 11-0
MIL 6-10 DET 7-10 CLEV 7-11

And then the Stars rose

Indiana looked ready to pull off one more bit of brinkmanship, but by the seventh game Utah figured out how to spike the Pacers' main gun

With 2:50 remaining in the seventh game of the ABA Western Division final between Utah and Indiana last week, James Jones stood near midcourt, only a step or two inside the Stars' offensive zone, with the basketball resting firmly on his right hip. Jones is his league's best backcourt man, a masterful, fluid ball handler and shooter of the Robertson-Fraser school, and he stood there for 10 seconds, allowing the clock to run and watching his four teammates settle into their positions on the Salt Palace floor. Just before passing the ball that had been in his nearly impeccable care throughout the night, Jones took in a long deep breath. Then he let out a huge sigh of relief that was at least as much visual as audible.

He had good reason for the display. Jones had played one of the best games any quarterbacking guard had ever played and had led the Stars from the edge of extreme embarrassment to a smashing 109-87 victory and the position opposite the New York Nets in the ABA championship round.

Ten days earlier it had seemed that the Stars would win this series without having to take a deep breath. With Jones and Forward Willie Wise playing up to their usual form—which is very good form indeed—and sore-legged Center Zelmo Beatty performing better than he had in the last four years, the Stars swept the opening three games. A 3-0 lead is usually enough to prompt an opponent to begin its summer vacation at the tap-off for the fourth game. But the Pacers, who were following a peculiar pattern of their own, rallied for three straight victories. Those wins not only knotted the playoffs but also, by sheer coincidence, evened the scoring in the series at 607 points apiece and tied the two intense rivals at 36 wins each over the years the Stars have been in Utah. And going into the seventh game everything from manpower to momentum seemed to have shifted Indiana's way. The Stars were gasping mainly because an uncommon

but debilitating illness had incapacitated Beatty, and the Pacers were apparently ready to perform a minor miracle.

Until Indiana's belated comeback, no basketball team except the 1950-51 Knicks had ever come from three down to tie a series. And only once in all the years of World Series, Stanley Cup competitions, ABA and NBA playoffs or indeed anything even resembling a major professional sports league had a team trailed 3-0 going into a seven-game series and then come back to win. The Toronto Maple Leafs managed to do it in 1942 against the Detroit Red Wings, but that could be reckoned as just one of those sports oddities that occurred during World War II.

You might possibly argue that Pacer Coach Slick Leonard is, in fact, just an updated version of Douglas MacArthur. Leonard certainly knows a thing or two about returning. He's become an expert at it. Rarely has there been a team that has matched Indiana's tendency to trap itself in apparently hopeless corners and still return in triumph. The champion Pacers have won three of the last four ABA titles, though in doing it they almost always have had their backs to the wall.

Their performance this season reached a new high—or low—when it came to rubbing their scapulae up against the brickwork. Mixing nearly unbelievable feigning with inspired ineptitude, Indiana managed midway through the schedule to fall so far behind Utah in the Western Division

that even the super-rabid fans back home in Indianapolis began to recognize the Pacers' lassitude for what it was, and they stopped coming to games. Attendance was down almost 10% from last year as the Pacers yawned to a 46-38 record, securing second place in the West ahead of San Antonio only in their final regular game. All this despite the fact that Indiana probably has the ABA's most talented and experienced roster.

True to form, the Pacers handed away the home-court advantage their finish had earned them by losing the opening game of the first-round playoff series to the Spurs in Indianapolis. Indiana finally won that series 4-3 but only because they somehow managed to come from 15 points behind in the second half of the seventh game. After years of dangerous, but not ultimately fatal, flirtation with doom, it seemed that the Pacers' failure to build a winning frame of mind during the regular season might now at last do them in. They appeared unable to switch on their dormant competitiveness when they needed it in the playoffs.

As if to prove the point, the Pacers immediately went into the three-game nose dive when they came up against Utah

continued



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BASKETBALL continued

(105-96, 106-102, 99-90). General Leonard then decided it was time to inspire his forces. Forward George McGinnis, the Pacers' mainstay throughout the series, had been playing at the top of his game. At 6' 8" and 235 very solid pounds, McGinnis looks as if he is made out of the same stuff as the Old Oaken Bucket, and his performances—he wound up with the best scoring (29.7) and rebounding (14.5) averages in the series—seemed likely to make him an equally revered chunk of Indiana. McGinnis and company staved off extinction by winning the fourth game 118-107.

Before the fifth game, the Pacers were helped by a new defensive star, a little fellow named Epididymitis, whose name appears on no ABA roster. Often a pro will claim that he guarded his man so tightly that he was right inside his shirt. Epididymitis, which is what afflicted Zelmie Beatty, did better than that. He got under Zelmie's skin, sent his temperature to 105° and took Beatty right out of the rest of the series. Fifth game, Pacers 110-101.

Beatty's departure from the lineup was not the only problem besetting Utah Coach Joe Mullaney. He was fruitlessly shuffling through his tallest forwards trying to find a man to stop McGinnis. His search continued into the first quarter of Game Six. With the Pacers ahead 12-4 Mullaney began thinking small, first putting 6' 2" Ron Boone on McGinnis and then, briefly, a reluctant 6' 6" Wise. Together they held George to 23 points, his lowest total in the series to that point. The game was a squeaker, 91-89, but Indiana's once again and they had now bootstrapped themselves into a tie.

Wise, the ABA's toughest defender at forward, has rarely been afraid to try anything. In the Stars' 1970 playoffs he appeared in every game and performed brilliantly even though bone spurs in his ankles made it painful for him to walk, much less run. And a couple of seasons ago when Utah found its offense flagging, Wise was asked to switch his efforts to scoring. He has averaged more than 20 points ever since and fed the Stars against the Pacers with 21.6 a game. But Wise did not want to guard McGinnis when Mullaney first asked him. "Against Indiana I'd usually been matched with Roger Brown," he said. "I hadn't played George that much and when I had it seemed to me he scored whenever he

wanted to. I figured he was too tall and too strong for me. I guess I was being unrealistic because I get upset whenever I don't hold a guy below his average and I begin to think he's too much for me. But finally Joe said something that made a lot of sense. "He's scoring like hell over everybody else. You can't do any worse than they are."

The outcome of the series hinged on that conversation and another one that took place as the Stars departed from their flight back to Utah after losing the very close sixth game in Indiana. Jones wanted Wise to concentrate all his attention on defense, and he had a plan. "I told Willie, 'If you'll do the job on McGinnis, don't worry about shooting. I'll take up the slack on offense.'"

In the seventh game Wise played McGinnis tougher even than Epiphythitis. Guarding McGinnis for nearly three quarters, Wise held him to a few shots (five) and fewer points (four) by outacing him to his favorite spots on the floor and then resolutely fronting him so that his teammates could not pass the ball into him. McGinnis finished with only 14 points.

And Jones took over Wise's offensive chores—Wise contributed only eight points—and then some. Coolly insinuating himself inside the defense as only the most adept guards can, and then waiting patiently for his opponents to make the slightest false move before attempting his 10-foot jumpers, Jones hit 10 of 14 shots and scored 29 points, 21 of them in the first half when Utah broke the game open. It was while the Stars were building their 21-point halftime lead that Jones's floor play was so flawless. He had no turnovers in the opening two periods—and since he had control of the ball most of the time, Utah left the floor at the midway point with the astonishingly low total of one turnover. Against that sort of efficiency, the Pacers could do nothing at all and they played as though they knew it.

The night before the final game, Coach Leonard had sipped a beer and spoken of basketball psychology. "You get a bunch of good players who have some success even though they don't have a killer instinct and that luck will eventually catch up with them." He was relaxing when he said it and in a mood that indicated he expected the Pacers were about to be granted yet another last-minute reprieve. He was wrong.

END



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It might have been two or three swim meets in one, so jammed was the pool deck with milling, cheering, sun-broiled kids. The announcer added to the overall giddiness. "History is being made here," he said, his voice crackling with emotion. "This is fantastic. We're cutting the record book to a shambles."

They were merely YMCA records that had the fellow so excitedly mixing his metaphors, but nobody in Fort Lauderdale last week could complain about being slighted. The occasion was the National YMCA Swimming and Diving Championships, and if the four-day meet felt a notch or two below world class, it still carried a big-time flavor. This meant that attire at the International Swimming Hall of Fame's pool included T-shirts imprinted with wicked sayings like *DANGEROUS WHEN WET*. It meant that winners slapped palms and losers contemplated suicide. And, of course, there were swim parents aplenty, including the father of a 14-year-old girl from Ohio whose 400-yard medley relay team was declared ineligible. Dad greeted the news by slamming his fist through a plaster-board wall in the Holiday Inn.

The competitors swam for the glory of YMCAs in Kokomo and Kalamazoo, places people used to write songs about. The Y's swimming program is strictly grass-roots, only occasionally producing anything resembling a superstar. And when it does, the Y in question usually loses the hotshot to a college or big-name AAU club, as is happening now with Mike Curington, a high school senior who will do his swimming next fall at the University of Alabama.

Curington, from Birmingham's Shades Valley Y, won six first places in Fort Lauderdale—three in individual events and three in relays—to add to seven other gold medals collected in earlier Y nationals. Slender, blue-eyed and with a mop of blond hair tucked under a Gatsby cap, he drew sighs from the girls at poolside, several of whom caded his autograph and snapped his picture. But Curington, a sensible lad, attached less importance to his Y exploits than to his performance two weeks earlier in the AAU short-course championships in Dallas, where his best finish was an 11th in the 200 freestyle.

High, Y and then some

The YMCA's annual splashdown was a kind of wet three-ring circus

"The AAU meet proved I could swim with some of the top guys," he said. "YMCA competition isn't nearly as tough. In a way, it's like a vacation being here."

YMCA officials shrugged off their meet's minor-league status. "There are only a few winners in anything," said Jim Stocker, the Y's competitive swimming chairman. "But we want the kid who finishes 40th to have the experience of competing in a national meet, too." Compensating with numbers, the YMCA event drew 856 swimmers—down from last year's turnout of 1,300—but still sufficient to justify double-duty use of the Olympic pool. A makeshift bulkhead was installed at the pool's middle, creating a pair of identical 25-yard, eight-lane courses and enabling organizers to run off preliminary heats two at a time.

Behind this assembly-line approach lies the Y's emphasis on mass recreation. Its constituency is so broad that the very name—Young Men's Christian Association—has long been misleading. This was borne out in Florida when Wendy Weinberg of the Towson, Md. Y won three events. A 15-year-old Maccabiah Games veteran, Wendy is young, but there is no way she is either a man or a Christian. The YMCA introduced the women's swimming championships in 1967 to go with its long-entrenched men's nationals, and today 40% of its 100,000 age-group and senior swimmers are female.

The Y's more-the-merrier philosophy, fine for attracting people to the sport, is what keeps it from producing—or at least hanging onto—topflight swimmers. Pool time is one problem. Besides competitive swimming, YMCA pools are used by scuba clubs, lifesaving classes, Minnows, Guppies, Pollywogs and father-and-son

groups, plus such assorted activities as underwater Bingo games, which were all the rage for a while at the Y in Madison, Wis. There also is the uneven quality of coaching. Aquatic directors do not earn very much, and many teams are coached by unpaid volunteers.

Given the limitations under which the Y labors, it was encouraging that the championships were so keenly contested. Shades Valley was seeking its third straight men's title but lost to Ridge-wood, N.J., whose depth offset the individual brilliance of Curington and teammate Bill Forrester, who also won six events. The women's title went to B.R. Ryall YMCA of Glen Ellyn, Ill. Inspired by teammates' chants of "We get Ryalled up," 14-year-old Mary Rish swam away with five golds, while Kathy Kooser, a chunky 13-year-old, plowed to a 1:06.24 in the 100 breaststroke, not far off Marcia Morey's American record of 1:05.53.

Elated by these performances, Ryall Coach Bill Graves allowed that he was pointing Rish and Kooser toward the '76 Olympics. The 25-year-old Graves supplements his YMCA income by coaching at Wheaton College, and he is under no illusions about the challenges of being a Y coach. "The guy before me quit because he was getting married," Graves said. "He needed a real-life job."

Still, there are happy precedents. Mark Spitz started as an age-group swimmer at the Sacramento YMCA before switching to an AAU club. For a stronger tie to the Y, there was backstroker Gary Dille, who competed for the Huntington, Ind. YMCA until leaving for Michigan State and a silver medal in the 1964 Olympics. Dille was coached by Glen Hummer, whose Huntington teams have done so well—winning 11 men's YMCA team titles—that the police thing would be to overlook last week's 10th-place finish. At poolside, squinting out at yet another phalanx of hopefuls churning through the water, the white-haired Hummer spoke of Dille. "He was a talented boy but in a small town you can't count on too many of those," the coach said. "What you do with the others makes you kind of proud, too." Which, of course, is the whole point of YMCA swimming.

END

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For baby-faced Ben Jipcho it was just another slow run to the bank with \$500, and if it took him 4:02.8 to win the mile last Saturday in sunny El Paso—while 1,800 miles away in Philadelphia young Tony Waldrop was running a 3:53.2 mile for nothing—well, so what? Sure, the world is still waiting for the professionals to start running sub-four-minute miles. They have had only one in 27 tries over two seasons, a situation that is embarrassing to some, although not to Jipcho. Ben is supporting two dozen relatives back in Kenya, including his father's three wives, and with that many mouths to feed a man very quickly learns to run smartly, if not speedily. "I am a professional," said the 31-year-old prison officer. "I run for money, not for times. I realize people like to see Ben Jipcho run sub-four-minute miles, and Ben Jipcho enjoys running sub-four-minute miles more than anything else in the world—except counting money."

So far this season, after winning 14 of 16 races, some at two miles, he has banked \$7,950, which, he figures, is just a little more than half of what he could have made in one weekend in Europe as an amateur. "To be truthful, you can make much more as an amateur," he said. "For a meeting—no, for a single race, I made \$4,000. Sometimes if I ran three times in a meeting, I'd make \$12,000 in a weekend. After two weeks in Europe, I could take home \$24,000." He drained a glass of milk and then grinned. "That's U.S. dollars. And it was tax free."

Except for continuous harassment the last few years by officials of the Kenyan Athletic Federation, who no longer are in office, the ex-Olympian would still be running in places like Oslo and Stockholm and Helsinki. Certainly he was in great demand. Last year he ran a 3:52 mile, the second fastest in history; a world-record 8:14 in the steeplechase; and an 8:16.4 in the two-mile. Early this year he won two gold medals and a bronze in the British Commonwealth Games in New Zealand before becoming a bona fide pro for Mike O'Hara's International Track Association.

Along with Jipcho, O'Hara added such talent as Rod Milburn, the world-record holder and Olympic gold-medal winner

The pros are beginning to look professional

Four-minute miles are still sadly lacking but the competition is excellent, the crowds gratifyingly large and the future bright as a dollar

in the high hurdles, and John Smith, the 440-yard world-record holder. And the pro track show, which had waded in red ink last year, its first season, took off like a small rocket. Well, anyway, it began to lift off the launching pad. "Last year people asked if pro track would make it," said O'Hara. "Now they are asking when."

In 16 meets last year pro track averaged 7,500 fans, 500 under O'Hara's break-even figure. "This year," O'Hara said early in 1974, "we should average 8,000." He had changed his format: he would not take his show into a city unless he had a sponsor. Pro track opened on Long Island, and drew 11,231, fell off

badly in Baltimore and then recovered with 10,500 in Salt Lake City. As the pros arrived in El Paso after completing 10 meets, including two in Japan, they were averaging 12,431, an attendance figure that would rank third in the National Basketball Association, just behind the New York Knicks and the Los Angeles Lakers.

A year ago *Wide World of Sports* televised one ITA meet. This year the ABC people upped that to three, and NBC picked up another meet as a Saturday night special in place of the *Johnny Carson* show. That one turned out to be a blockbuster. The Carson show, bucking movies on the other two channels, av-

continued



BEFORE PACKED STANDS, BEN JIPCHO WINS THE EL PASO MILE IN A MODEST 4:02.8

eraged a 3.5 to 5 rating on Saturday night. The pro track meet had a rating of 8.1, the best of the three networks. Now the TV people are talking about doing 12 meets next year.

"And we plan to go back to Japan, of course," said O'Hara, warm with the memory of the 57,000 who saw his pros perform in two meets there in March. "And they want us to expand, with meets in Korea, Taiwan and Hong Kong. That will be early next summer because we are working on a series of meets in Europe for late July and August. We hope to add a few top European stars to enhance those."

As pro track grows, so will the prize money, and that should lure even more talent into the fold. At the moment, a victory is worth \$500, with \$250, \$100 and \$50 given to the next three places. There is also a Grand Prix points race in five of the events, with season-end bonuses of \$6,000, \$2,500, \$1,000 and \$500, to be given the top four in each event at

the pro track indoor championships on May 29 at New York's Madison Square Garden. The Grand Prix events are sponsored: four (the 400-500, 800-1,000, mile and shotput) by Post Cereals; one, the pole vault, by Personna. O'Hara hopes to add more Grand Prix events next year.

"We also pay all air transportation and hotel bills and we give performers \$20 a day," O'Hara said. "What other sport does that? It's the greatest part-time job in the world. Our athletes can live anywhere they want, hold down full-time jobs or go to school and still compete on weekends. Not that everything is perfect. But we are working on it."

The meet in El Paso, which was televised by *Wide World of Sports* (marking its 13th anniversary), was a major test for the pros. They were competing outdoors for the first time in the United States. Success or failure in the West Texas city would have an important influence on O'Hara's plans, and he turned the job of promoting the meet over to

Wayne Vandenburg, the ex-UTEP track coach, who is a breathtaking combination of inexhaustible energy, vision and optimism. Vandenburg rented the UTEP track stadium, which has a capacity of 14,000, for \$5,000 and then ordered 20,000 tickets printed.

"What are you going to do if 20,000 people decide to show up?" someone asked Vandenburg.

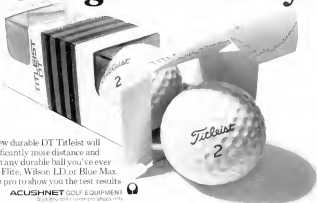
"Seat them, babes, what else?" he answered blithely. And then he went out and overpowered El Paso.

An hour before the meet began on Saturday, under a blazing sun and with only the promise of a sub-four-minute mile, a crowd of 15,486—14,437 through the turnstiles—showed up, about 5% of the town's population.

"Can you believe these beautiful people?" asked John Carlos, the powerful sprinter who is running as well as ever after a three-year layoff. "Come on, come on, let's run these races. I'm gonna do something for these people." For

continued

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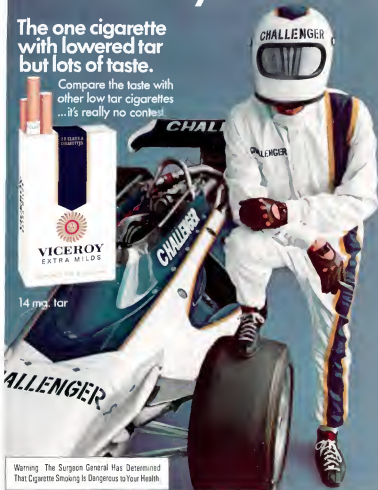
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them Carlos ran a 9.3 100 into a 10.2 mph wind, and then a 20.4 220 into a 14.5 wind. "I wanted to give them a world record," he said, "but that wind was just too much."

Fred DeBernardi took the shot with a put of 70'3" and Steve Smith and Bob Seagren each vaulted 18' 3/4". Both marks, along with Carlos' 20.4 in the 220, are world bests—pro or amateur—this year. "Now maybe people will stop asking me what pro track is," said hurdler-speiner Paul Gibson. "They think it's a new sport. I keep telling them we are just track and field athletes who are getting paid."

Then after a brief appearance by the inevitable streaker, the mile went off with great expectations, which lasted just as long as it took Sam Bair to lead the pack through the first quarter in a dawdling 63 seconds.

"There won't be any sub-four today," said Tony Benson, the Australian who had just won the two-mile in a slow 9:01.8, which the public-address an-

nouncer called a tactical race. "It's the only kind I run," said Benson, laughing. "I'm not out there to play games. I was only out there to make money. People have been criticizing me for running just fast enough to win, but I haven't lost a two-mile or 3,000-meter race outdoors since 1967, and I thought that was the whole idea, to win."

After the first lap of the mile Bair faded and Chuck LaBenz went into the lead. The big four of Jim Ryun, Kip Keino, Dave Wottle and Jipcho laid back cautiously, waiting for someone to make a move. "If I don't fall asleep on the third lap, I'll win," Jipcho had said earlier. He stayed awake. He sprinted into the lead and took the field through a 59-second quarter.

"It's all over," said Benson. "The Kenyans kill the Americans the same way every time, with that fast third quarter. The Americans can run a 3:53, but the way they train it has to be a 60-60-60-53. It can't be a 60-60-53-60. It just kills

them. It's the same time but an entirely different race."

During the third lap, Ryun, burdened by hay fever, pulled up. "I went as far as I could," said the disgusted world-record holder. "My lungs became so clogged I couldn't take another step."

LaBenz, who was fitter than any had figured, made a brief attempt to catch the flying Jipcho but fell short. Wottle, who has been handicapped this season by a lack of cross-country training last fall, finished a distant third, with Keino fourth. "I'm not running very well," said Keino, who missed the beginning of the season because his wife was seriously ill in Kenya. "But I'm not gone. People should not forget me."

After crusing home in 4:02.8, Jipcho was not the least disappointed. "The \$500 will buy some cows for my farm in Kenya," he said. "A winning time is always a good time. If the IFA people want a sub-four-minute mile all they have to do is come to me. With money." **END**

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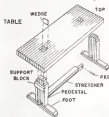
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All of which pretty well sets the stage for the Opel Sportwagon, a curious amalgam of exuberance and thrift. In one respect, it's a sensible little wagon—53 cubic feet of cargo space, rugged 1900 cc 4-cylinder engine, sturdy bumpers, good heater, and so on, as wagons go.

Wunderwagon.

But, emotionally, beneath the surface, the Sportwagon is a different story. Chassis-wise, it's a close relative of its sporty counterpart, the Opel Manta Coupe. With rack-and-pinion steering, front and rear stabilizer bars, power front disc brakes, 4-speed transmission (an automatic is also available)—the works. Underneath, it's a German machine.

The cockpit.

Inside, if you put aside the fact that you have all that cargo space behind you, the Sportwagon cockpit looks and feels like an expensive grand touring car. A large, black, full-sweep tachometer is standard. To the right is a center console that houses a clock, oil pressure and amp gauges. Typical of the Deutschlandic demand for comfort, the bucket seats recline to virtual full-prone, if desired.

On the road.

Like any German machine, the Sportwagon is at its best when you put it in motion. A twist of the key, and the needles on the dials spring to attention. The little cam-in-head-4 bums pleasantly ahead of you, the vinyl-covered steering wheel responds to the touch, and suddenly, without fuss, noise or bother, you're sparring time and distance. A sharp turn, a sudden stop—you ask, and the car responds with German authority. And yet, for all the Sportwagon's ability to excite, it still delivers the kind of frugality that has helped make Opel the best selling car in Germany. And in a country as demanding as Germany, being the best selling *anything* is no mean feat.

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*by WILLIAM JOHNSON
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If they were men, they would be famous. They would be rich. They would be on a first-name basis with Cozell, Schenkel, Whitaker and Gifford, perhaps even Cavett and Carson. They would have played before hundreds of thousands in the Garden, the Spectrum, the Forum, the Astrodome—tens of millions on television.

However...

On this dark night January rain is falling in the town of Barlow, Ky. Yet the lights are blazing at the high school gymnasium and cars gleam in the rain in the parking lot. Tonight the best women's basketball team on the continent is performing in Barlow and the proceeds from the game will be split with the Ballard Me-

continued





*Dazzling the male opposition in Barlow, Ky.
and Southaven, Miss. are Karen Logan (above) and the
Spartan twins, Lynnea (left) and Lynette.*



red heads continued

merjal High School student council, which is planning to use the money to buy, among other things, a new water cooler. All the women on the team have blazing red hair, ranging in hue from near-tangerine to deep cinnamon. They are called the All American Red Heads. They are wearing red, white and blue uniforms, stars, stripes, etc. Tonight, as they do 200-plus nights each year, the All American Red Heads are going to play a man's team, the High School alumni. As always, the men are an assortment of sizes, shapes and basketball skills, a fair cross section of American manhood. Some are still willowy and lithe. Others have soft paunches and fat arms; they will soon be gasping like beached fish, their jaws slick and sweaty. They are dressed in motley clothes, a variety of sneakers. One is wearing black anklets. They are not basketball players anymore; they are barbers, bartenders, teachers, truck drivers, and they play the game from memory. They would be hostile watching *Miami* on television if they were not here playing basketball.

On this night, as before all of their games, the All American Red Heads spend a little time wandering through the crowd in their uniforms, selling programs for a dollar apiece. At the same time, the student council is selling homemade brownies and cookies and coffee. The money made this way is not split between Red Heads and the student council; each group keeps what it makes. The Red Heads program is red, white, blue and silvery. Large block letters shout 35TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION! This is not quite accurate, for the All American Red Heads were founded in 1936, but it does not really matter. There is a drawing of a lovely smiling Red Head wearing a tiara, sneakers and knee guards, perched saucily on a globe of the world, spinning a basketball on one finger. There is a series of star-marked blurbs on the program that describe the Red Heads: TROUBLESHOOTING BASKETBALL . . . RATED FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT . . . CLEVER . . . BRILLIANT . . . POWERFUL ACTION . . . and so on.

The gymnasium is not full. There are about 1,400 people and the student council will not get as much money as it hoped for; neither will the All American Red Heads. Possibly the winter rain is the cause of the mediocre turnout. No, says the student council adviser in his soft Kentucky drawl, that is not the case.

"We had the Red Heads here five years ago and they sure filled up this gym. We cleared \$1,100, a record. I think the reason they aren't drawing so well is that five years ago we had a preliminary basketball game with women—housewives, mothers—from P.T.A.'s all over the county. They really drew 'em because people turn out to see their kind-of performance, now don't they? The Red Heads themselves couldn't have got that big a crowd in Barlow."

The game begins after flowery introductions of the Red Heads: "... and here she is, the Magic Princess! Miss Basketball! The World's Greatest Ball Handler! A 20,000-point champion! Miss Everything! . . . Player-Coach Jolene Ammons!" The Ballard High School alumni score quickly; the men are taller and can jump higher than any of the women. But the Red Heads are slick ball handlers and their passes snap with precision. Many are thrown behind the back, perfectly. The women are wearing bright red lipstick and blue eyeshadow, as if they were going to the theater. But here they are, perspiring like mad and playing basketball like demons. They drive swiftly down the court. They shoot with deadly accuracy. They shout at each other, shrilly, crying out play patterns. Sometimes they sneeze jokes at the men. Their precision dazzles the crowd and, even though they are playing against butchers and insurance men and car salesmen, the All American Red Heads are plainly a splendid basketball machine. Sometimes they stop the action to clown, doing ball-spinning tricks, crawling between their opponents' legs, taking shots piggyback, offering such guffaw gags as "The Pinch"—a routine in which the Red Head comic, Spanky Loser, pretends that a man has pinched her behind and insists that a personal foul, "a very personal foul," be called. The crowd loves it. Small boys fairly roll on the floor at such funny stuff.

At the end, the All American Red Heads have won 79-69, and at this point in late January their season's record is 104 victories, 17 losses. The money is counted and the gate is split—\$800 to the student council, \$1,200 to the Red Heads—and the Red Heads, dressed in bright warm-up suits, file out of the gymnasium into the rain.

Outside, a strange white limousine awaits them, a Toronado 28 feet long, emblazoned with huge red letters saying

ALL AMERICAN RED HEADS ACROSS the four doors on each side. The women climb inside. Rattling drums on the roof and the grand white vehicle rolls basking over the wet parking lot and out onto Route 60. The seven heads of red hair can be seen, but barely, through the streaming windows. The All American Red Heads are sealed inside the car they call "Big Whitey," insulated from the outside world as if in some kind of rolling space capsule. Here is where they spend far more of their lives than they do on a basketball court. Tonight they will stay in Paducah, 25 miles away. In the morning darkness they will rise and drive 400 miles, nine hours, across much of Kentucky and most of Tennessee to still another town where they will play another high school alumni team that night.

A man from Arkansas named Orwell Moore owns the All American Red Heads. He is essentially a man of small-town hopes and minimal dreams. He likes to call the Red Heads' home office in Caraway, Ark. "The General Store" and, at times, Orwell Moore does look as if he should be wearing a bib apron behind a cracker barrel, ready to slice a slab of rat cheese off the wheel on the meat counter. Ordinarily, Orwell Moore stays home in Caraway to mind the office. This season he has two troupes of Red Heads on the road, the team touring the border states in January being by far the better. It is not a simple job, laying out an itinerary and calendar for the Red Heads: each unit travels some 60,000 miles a season and plays in more than 200 hamlets, villages and various wide spots along the road. Moore's wife, his brother Jack and a secretary are usually engrossed in booking phone calls, sending out endless mailings of Red Head publicity and posters, as well as trying somehow to link a game for the Lions Club in Waseca, Minn. on Dec. 12 with one for the Kiwanis in Joliet, Ill. on Dec. 14 and one in Sioux Falls, S. Dak. on Dec. 13. It is a Chinese puzzle at times, and Moore does not always solve it so neatly. When the Red Heads played in Barlow and then stayed in Paducah, they drove 400 miles to Morristown, Tenn., then turned around and drove 390 miles back to Murray, Ky., which is a mere 40 miles from—yes—Paducah.

So, though Moore ordinarily does not stray far from the store and the booking lists, he has decided to travel with his Red

Heads No. 1 team for a few days. He has driven up from Caraway, and the Red Heads rendezvous with him on Interstate 55. Moore takes up the lead in his Pontiac Bonneville, rolling at the sedate pace of a funeral procession while Big White purrs along behind, the seven redheads alight in the sunshine streaming through the windows, Joëne Ammons at the steering wheel as she almost always is.

Moore is expansive about his enterprise, full of a salesman's bombast. He is a big man with a paunch not quite as big as a basketball. His hat is perched jauntily on the back of his silvery yellow wavy hair and his features are strong and blunt and big, his green eyes are quite small and often gleam like small gems when he smiles, which he does often. Moore speaks in a hog farmer's drawl and punctuates what he says by adding "Raaaahght" or "Know what I mean?"

He is full of windy enthusiasm. "I tell the girls, 'Every day is Christmas when you're an All American Red Head.' I tell 'em, 'Hopones is being an All American Red Head.' Raaaahght. Do you have any idea how much good the Red Heads have done for America? Bringin' good clean family fun to every state in the union, except Hawaii, and helpin' in any number of good causes, charities for blind people and poor Indian children and the like. Know what I mean?"

A hawk circles above flats of plowed soybean fields, and a green water tower of West Memphis, Ark. slides past. Moore draws on. "Lions Clubs are our biggest sponsors, though Kiwanis and Rotary all like us, too. When we come to town it's like the circus. But furnishin' the folks a hee-haw is not our only objective. We also play a very classy game of basketball. Raaaahght. We have originated many of the tricks on the basketballcourt, such as the Piggy-Back Routine, the Referee Act and the La Conga Out of Bounds Play. I make it a point never to mention the Harlem Globetrotters, but when they claim to have originated many of the tricks that the All American Red Heads actually began, then I feel I must speak out. Know what I mean? The Globetrotters bring their own opponents along. We don't know who we're gonna play from night to night. You play over 200 games a year against men, more'n seven months on the road, well, a girl's got to love basketball with a passion to do that. And the All

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL LEHR



In their elongated Oldsmobile, the seven Red Heads average 60,000-plus miles a year.



Owner Moore, in one of his rare appearances at a game, fixes Karen Logan's uniform.

American Red Heads do love it with a passion."

A sign along Interstate 55 says welcome to Missouri and the mini-caravan crosses that border, headed toward the mighty confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Moore begins to explain his philosophy of business. His eyes gleam shrewdly, he smiles with relish as if he has discovered Rumpelstiltskin's se-

cret, a way to weave gold thread out of straw. "We have an operation we can control. We keep it small. The meat of the traveling professionals is in the small towns. No overhead, no operating expenses." Moore speaks almost confidentially. "You get the gymnasium for nothing. No rent, no insurance, no light bills. No advertisin' costs, either. Say the Lions Club is sponsorin' the game. In these

continued

red heads

little towns the Lions Club is the elite. Raasahgt! The Lions Club can go to the local paper and say, 'Now I want these pictures of the All American Red Heads run on the sports page and I want a nice long story to go with 'em.' A Lion'll say that, and, yessir, it will be done. So the Red Heads have no adverst'n costs—the Lions take care of it. We have a suggested price for tickets—\$2 adults, \$1 kids. I always make sure they got adults at the doors. You get kids takin' tickets and they let all their friends in free."

He tilts his hat forward and says, "The biggest crowd the Red Heads ever played for was 11,500 in the Chicago Stadium. That was before I took over the team. We got \$4,500 out of it, but I can't tell you how much it cost advertisin', buyin' stories in the papers. You don't get publicity for nothin' in the big cities and you don't get the gym free either."

"If you wanted to book into the Memphis Mid-South Coliseum, it'd cost, say, \$1,000 rent, \$250 for insurance, pay for ticket attendants, pay for the union men who turn on the lights and turn off the lights, pay for the scoreboard keeper, pay for the referees. Know what I mean? Then there'd be \$600 to \$700 to buy ads in the Memphis papers and twice that much to buy ads on TV. Oh, no, once you start payin' people to run ads, you make a mistake. It costs \$140,000 a year to run the All American Red Heads organization. People think if you don't have \$1 million operating expenses, you're peanuts. I was offered \$1 million for the Red Heads some time ago. I turned it down. It's a big farm for me, my general store, raasahgt!"

Jolene Ammons honks Big Whitey's horn and Moore pulls over to a diner called the Sands Café. "Time for dinner," he says. The Red Heads primp and fuss, put on lipstick, brush their seven heads of red hair, check eye shadow, and enter the restaurant. The waitress tells them that the specialty today is home-made meat loaf with brown gravy and mashed potatoes, and since the Red Heads eat their big meal at noon, home-made meat loaf is it for most of them. Orwell Moore stands by their booths and beams down past his paunch. "Every day is Christmas with the All American Red Heads!" he booms. "These girls love their life because they all love basketball." The Red Heads nod and some smile. They all are eating with fierce

speed. They are used to rapid and enormously efficient "pet stops."

On the real Christmas Day 1973, the All American Red Heads were in a motel in Joplin, Mo. They found a tiny Christmas tree and decorated it with shaving cream. They held a make-believe Miss America contest, which was won by Lynette Sjoquist, one of the twins, who was then awarded a pickle. They celebrated by drinking Coca-Cola and Dr Pepper.

By the end of January the Red Heads had traveled 35,000 miles since starting in October, been in 26 states, seen a normal person's lifetime quota of billboards, brown halls, used-car lots, junkyards, stray dogs, abandoned barns, gas stations and housing developments. They had visited a few (only a few) points of special tourist interest—the Will Rogers Memorial Museum in Claremore, Okla., Plymouth Rock, the Astrodome. And they had eaten uncountable pounds of McDonald's hamburgers, they often drive miles off the main highway looking for The Big Arch, as they call it. Most of the time they have only a vague idea of where they are.

The All American Red Heads began their odyssey on Oct. 4, in Mantachie, Miss. They have no idea, just now, where or when the journey will end. They don't know where because Orwell Moore, in his careful way, never allows the Red Heads to know their itinerary more than a month in advance. He says, "We have to give them their routes so their folks can write to 'em, but we never tell 'em beyond each month and they are generally sworn to secrecy about the schedule. If they told some reporter where they're playin', he might print the whole schedule in his paper and then some other attraction—donkey basketball, Gospel singers, some other basketball team could see it and set up a date in the same town a week or two ahead of the Red Heads. That would kill us dead. There's only so much entertainment money around, know what I mean?"

The Red Heads don't know when their season will end because Moore doesn't know when the accumulation of gate receipts will be enough to show a profit. He says, "It's clearly understood that the girls are to play as long as I want them to play. We got to make ends meet at the store. Now the energy crisis cost five, six games canceled in Virginia in December. We got to make them up somewhere,

so we'll be playin' into May this year. We've never got into June yet, but that's not sayin' it won't happen."

And so Big Whitey purrs along. At the wheel, firm and responsible, her normally dark hair now the color of burnt ginger, is Jolene Ammons, 32, born in Homerville, Ga., an All American Red Head for 11 years. Jolene is now player-coach, den mother, money collector, road accountant and chief chauffeur. On the court she is the playmaker. She is a lithe, handsome woman, though there is weariness in her face. There is nothing she does not do for her little coterie. She drives constantly and says she often sees ribbons of highway center lines streaming endlessly through her mind late at night. Over the years, both knees have been wrenched and twisted time and again, and many nights they throb with so much pain that she cannot sleep. Her coaching is sharp, a tough word here, a pointed question there gets rid of mistakes on the spot. Last year her Red Head team had a 188-13 record. Jolene's passes are hard and flat and she is deceptively fast; she has scored more than 21,000 points. She can spin basketballs on both hands at once, and does clowning exhibitions during halftime. Jolene Ammons would probably be a star on any woman's national team in the world, despite her age. The Basketball Hall of Fame in Springfield, Mass., has asked to display her jersey along with the uniforms of such male stars as Wilt Chamberlain and Jerry West. So far, Moore has not sent along Jolene's jersey; he has never been one to emphasize any individual stars on his teams, feeling he might inflame jealousies.

One of Ammons' nightly duties is to telephone reports to Caraway of money earned and individual points scored, if one woman is consistently rolling up too many baskets, Moore tells Jolene to make the offender cool off in order to keep peace. She is a gentle woman and her face often softens in laughter. She is pretty when she smiles. "I started playing basketball in the fourth grade," she says, "and the girl next door took dancing lessons. Every afternoon she'd walk off her front porch with her tutu and I'd walk off mine with my basketball. She got to be Miss Georgia and I got to be a Red Head." Jolene admits, however, that she was her high school homecoming queen, replacing Miss Georgia the year after she graduated.

continued

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As amazing as the Polaroid SX-70 Land camera is, the story of the other



Touch the button, your film is automatically ejected.

In seconds, you see the faint outline of your picture.

Your picture, minutes later, fully developed.



half of the system, the film, is equally magical.

Each 10-exposure film pack is small enough to be put into your pocket, yet each contains a wafer-thin, 6-volt battery that provides fresh power to operate the camera every time you load fresh film.

A unique picture counter, located on the back of the camera, tells you how many pictures you have left. When you insert your film pack, the counter reads "10." After each successive shot, that number decreases. It even prevents the flash from firing after all 10 pictures have been taken.

Flash pictures.

Just as there are 10 exposures in each film pack, there are 10 shots on each GE FlashBar™ array (5 on each side). You can shoot flash pictures from 10 inches to 20 feet or more away. Once again, you can reshoot every 1.5 seconds, to get a full action sequence.

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What once might have seemed a family duty, or even just an interesting hobby, can now become a spontaneous and recurring pleasure in your daily life.

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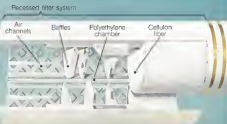
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red heads

There is an Orwell Moore rule among the Red Heads that they must switch roommates each night and take different seats in Big Whitey each day to avoid cliques. So on this day Spanky Loser, 24, a former brunette of Gorham, N.H., whose hair is now dark red, is sitting in the seat behind Jolene. Spanky is fairly short (5'5"), almost tubby, a born comedienne and entertainer who burbles jokes while the Red Heads drive or helps pass the miles by singing in a sweet, clear voice accompanied by her guitar. She is given to spurts of laughter and frequent exuberant I-love-life eruptions about her role as a Red Head. "Hey, it's wonderful. . . I put my sneakers on and I'm raring to go. I love the game. Where else can you eat and breathe basketball 24 hours a day? I'm never bored. I'd never touch a drug. I'm too high on basketball. . . At first it sounds phony, like Moore's evangelistic salesmanship. But it is true: Donna Loser is in a constant state of delight. She knows the words to 200 songs, can do imitations of everyone from Jonathan Winters to Richard Nixon, often snaps up out of a sound sleep giggling and tossing out lines like, "Hey, they say fish is brain food. Let's have a whale for lunch." She does the major comic routines at games, including the Big Pinch, and earns what she calls her "Crazy Kat," which contains, among other things, a top hat, a sequin-covered whistle and a giant powderpuff, for her acts. As a serious basketball player, she is a polished ball handler and dribbler, a fine outside shot, an accurate and notably unselfish passer. This is Loser's seventh year as a Red Head, and every slab of homemade meat loaf still tastes like Christmas dinner to her.

In the next seat is the Red Head captain, Cheryl Clark, 24, formerly brown-haired, from Wemore, Mich., six feet tall and exceedingly graceful. Her shoulder-length hair is chestnut now, and she wears tinted spectacles and looks almost scholarly. She is soft-spoken, the daughter of a schoolteacher, a writer of many letters during the long periods in the limousine. She says quietly, "I love basketball because I like the feel of running, the constant motion, the instantaneous decisions. Your mind stays active and that is stimulating." Cheryl glides so smoothly when she plays that her game seems almost gentle. She has perfected a driving shot from beyond the free-throw line that opponents never block, and

which she seldom misses. This is her fifth season with the Red Heads, last year she performed with the other unit and it won 96 games in a row and finished the year with a 199-6 record.

The Siagust twins are sitting together today, large laughing girls with light strawberry hair. They seem almost crotch although each is 6'1" and weighs close to 190 pounds. Lynette and Lynnea, 20, are from a 400-acre farm near Cannon Falls, Minn. They alternate in the pivot for the Red Heads, and sometimes alternate sentences when they talk. "We are from the farm, all right," says Lynette. "We'd eat our big meal—dinner—at noon and then Dad would have a nap." says Lynnea. ". . . and we'd go out with our three brothers and play basketball on a concrete court behind the barn," finishes Lynette. Both starred at a small Lutheran junior college and found it difficult adjusting to the Red Heads. "The hardest thing was getting used to the fact we're not the best anymore. . . Or even second best. . . But you have to go all out because people are paying to see us play. . . And you have to have a professional attitude." Both girls are strong under the basket. But this is their first season with the team and they tend to drop some of the veterans' swift, precise passes.

Another rookie is sleeping in the back of the limousine. She is Paula Haverstick, just 18, from the village of Sturgeon, Mo. She spends her days doing, perhaps because she is by far the youngest on the team and shy to the point of pain. She almost never speaks, but when she puts on her Red Head uniform she suddenly comes alive. She usually substitutes for Jolene, and though Paula shoots well the team seems rudderless when Jolene is out of the game.

The finest athlete among the Red Heads is Karen Logan, 24, of Fortuna, Calif., a rangy woman with orange hair, who is perhaps not very far below the unmatchable Babe Didrikson in natural abilities. She probably would have made the 1968 Olympic team as a 400-meter runner except for a pulled tendon. In 1967 she won a California junior tennis championship, defeating Sharon Walsh who went on to be the U.S. junior champion in 1969. Logan drifted away from tennis because of a lack of confidence, but at Pepperdine University the men's basketball coach saw her play, encouraged her to perfect her game and

continued



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urged her to get in touch with Orswell Moore. Karen has been riding the roads with the Red Heads since 1970, and is easily the best of them, averaging 23 points a game and playing always with a fierce intensity. Yet she is bitterly frustrated. For one thing, she would like to regain amateur status so she could try out for the 1976 U.S. Women's Olympic basketball team (this will be the first time the women's game has Olympic status). At the moment, that seems impossible. Beyond that, Karen is deeply troubled that there is really no way for the Red Heads to display their skill to the world, no way to prove that they are one of the best women's basketball teams on earth. "I'd give anything to play the Chinese team or the Russians," she says. "I'd love to have a chance at the AAU champions or any women's team anywhere. We could beat anyone in the world. I'm rare of it. But we'll never know. No one will ever know because we never play anyone but has-been men."

Seeing Karen play, even against once-

upon-a-time high school stars, is like seeing a work of art. Her moves remind one of Pete Maravich. Her concentration during a game is almost fanatic: she plays with her shirttail flapping, her hair soaking wet, refusing to take a man's helping hand when she has been thrust to the floor, then, quick as a cobra, flicking the ball away from him at the next opportunity. Karen, too, was asked for a game uniform by the Basketball Hall of Fame. When she heard that only two other women (not counting Jolene Ammons) had ever been so honored, Karen instantly demanded to know where they live. She wanted to challenge them to games of one-on-one.

Such is the population of Big Whiskey. What would one assume about a team of touring professional women basketball players? That they are tough, road-hardened pros? Actually, there is an aura of innocence inside Big Whiskey. Traveling with the Red Heads, one does not hear so much as the word "damn" pass their lips. Nor does booze, or beer or any

other artificial stimulant. Nor did any Red Head get kissed on this trip.

The first team of Red Heads appeared in 1936, a bunch of henna-haired girls who horsed around the Otark Mountain countryside near Curvyville, Mo., performing for the expressed purpose of drumming up business for a chain of beauty shops. The owner of the shops was Mrs. Doyle Olson, and her husband was the moderately famed C. M. (Ole) Olson who had for 22 years barnstormed the backwaters and barnyards of the land with a basketball team known as Olson's Terrible Swedes. They had stunned hicks the country over with such incredible tricks as the behind-the-back pass and the one-hand set shot. Olson had retired once from the itinerant basketball business before the original Red Heads appeared, but he found that there was enough interest in them to turn a good dollar. So he put them on the road, too. And except for a couple of years during World War II, a team of All American

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Red Heads has been on the highways of America. In 1948 Ole Olson hired Orwell Moore, then the coach and athletic director of Caraway (Ark.) High School, to be the Red Heads' coach. With Moore came his wife Lorene, or "Butch," a tiny wide-eyed birdlike woman who also just happened to be a talented basketball player. Little Butch Moore played for 12 years with the Red Heads and scored more than 35,000 points, and Orwell remained as coach until 1956 when Ole Olson sold him the franchise.

The early days of the Red Heads were bizarre at times, Moore recalls. "Even after 19 and 48, when I came aboard, we played in mighty shabby facilities, in church basements and on dance floors. We played once in an old factory in New Britain, Conn., where there was such a bend in the floor I couldn't see my team at the other end. We played on a skating rink once in New Castle, Pa. One place I remember the light was so dim they had to have small boys lying around the rafters holding little Aladdin's lanterns. Raaaaah! One night the lights went out due to an ice storm, and we played by car lights shining through the doors and windows so we wouldn't have to give the crowd their money back. We've played deaf and dumb boys, we've played the Boston Patriots, the Kansas City Chiefs. We've played on Indian reservations."

Moore pauses in his recollections, then lowers his voice. "The Red Heads were not always the lovely wholesome crowd of girls you see here today. Some of them earned on considerably in the old days. Lots of drinkin'." My first year I was out on the West Coast with the 'Young Unit' and in March things weren't goin' too well and, sure enough, Mr. Olson caught the other unit in a big beer party, know what I mean? He sent 'em all home. Olson wouldn't stand for that sort of thing.

"We're no part of Women's Lib and if any of the girls were to get involved in it—well, they better not let me know about it. I don't want the All American Red Heads tied to any causes. This is a wonderful livelihood for a girl, but I insist on high standards, my standards. Now, I don't tell them they can't smoke, but not many do. They are forbidden ever to smoke in the uniform of an All American Red Head. The children of America look up to and emulate the Red Heads. As for drinkin', well, I take a beer myself from time to time, but the Red Heads are not to drink. Now, you know,

continued



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red heads continued

these men professional basketball players can walk in a bar and drink all they want. But let one redheaded woman basketball player sit down on a barstool and order up a beer and you upset the mores of a community, know what I mean?

"I think the successful people of this world have a high regard for the being of the Lord, Raaaahgh. I am a Methodist and I believe we have got to have someplace to look for help and guidance. But I do not force that on the Red Heads. We have had girls of all persuasions—a Mormon, Indian girls, one Jewish and I believe there was even one Red Head who did not go along with the existence of the Lord, know what I mean?"

"We prefer getting our girls young, fresh out of school. They are easier to coach, easier to fit the Red Head way when they are young. We got a scoring network all over the nation. Old Red Heads, high school coaches. The young girls themselves write to us and ask to play after they see the Red Heads. Paula did that. The twins, too. This is a wonderful life for a girl. Like a big happy family. These girls love basketball so much they don't care what they get paid. The salaries aren't very high. We only pay \$40,000 a year to all the Red Heads. But it's not bad. The rookies can save as much money as a schoolteacher, \$250 a month. They don't spend anything except on some clothes. Now Jokene, golly, she might save \$1,000 a month. And they get five months off, most of 'em. Oh, it's a happy life bein' an All American Red Head. They got workman's compensation if they get hurt or sick.

"Yes, they got it pretty good with the Red Heads. But girls are girls. I sometimes call this the All American Matrimonial Bureau. They get married a lot. And being a Red Head gives a girl a brand of appeal she never had before. She goes home, know what I mean, after a year of bein' a pro basketball player and she's gonna have guys calling her she never knew about before. My girls marry the No. 1 eligible bachelor in their communities, bankers' sons, the rich ones with lots of dough, family dough. Due to their professional basketball career, they get the best jobs when they go home, the good job in the bank, for example. Even our stars stay only four, five years, as a rule. We have to get six new ones every year."

Moore pulled his Pontiac into a restaurant and gas station surrounded by

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2. Eligibility—This event is open to all adult residents of Canada, United States, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and New York, except employees of William Grant & Sons, Inc., its affiliated and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, its advertising agencies, its sweepstakes organizations, its suppliers and manufacturer of Grant's 8 Golf vacation in Scotland, promotion materials and services (and the families of the foregoing).

3. Prizes—Grant's 8 offers 8 prizes, each consisting of a one week golfing vacation in Scotland—including British Airways and domestic round-trip economy class air transportation to Scotland from the commercial airport closest to your home, 7 nights, double-occupancy lodging and meals at the Course hotels of Turnberry, St. Andrews and Gleneagles, greens, carts, and club rental fees, and ground transportation in Scotland. Each winning adult may bring one adult companion providing they travel together and share double accommodations. (Grant's 8 Golf Vacation in Scotland) prizes must be taken during the week beginning September 1, 1974. Prizes are transferable to an eligible third party with William Grant & Sons, Inc. approval.

4. Tiebreak—All prizes must be received on or before June 30, 1974. Winners will be contacted in July by awarding of prizes. All winners will be officially announced before August 31, 1974.

5. Judging—All correct entries in the opinion of the independent sweepstakes judging organization will participate in the July 1974 drawing. In the event that fewer than 8 correct entries are received, all those correct entries will be judged winners (pending eligibility verification) and the remaining prizes will be awarded to entries selected at random from remaining entries. Neither William Grant & Sons, Inc. nor its sweepstakes judging organization will enter into correspondence regarding this event with anyone other than the qualified winners.

6. Legal—All Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. State, Federal, and other taxes imposed as a prize winner will be the sole responsibility of the prize winner. Odds of winning are dependent on the number of correct entries received.

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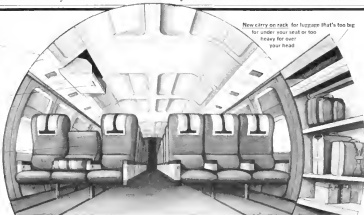
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red heads by Richard

massive trucks. Big Whitley followed him and the truckers stared and joked at the bizarre sight of seven doors snapping open and seven red-haired women emerging to stride across the lot into the restaurant. They sat down to a quick meal of hamburgers and coffee. "Every day is Christmas for the All American Red Heads," boomed Moore once again. After the meal he bade everyone farewell and left to return to the general store in Caraway. The Red Heads piled back into their car and began to cross Tennessee.

It was dark when the Red Heads arrived in Morristown, Tenn. and they were a little panicky, for they thought they were late for the game. At last they found a squad car and asked where the high school was. The cop pulled out in front of Big Whitley and gave the team an escort to the door of the school where they learned, to their immense relief, that they had rolled unknowingly through a time zone on the way and had plenty of time before the game. They had to wait to change into their uniforms because the

men's team was using the locker room. It was not a room calculated to raise spirits or refresh the soul. The walls were dreary green and unwashed white. Exposed pipes cluttered the ceiling and the place was garishly lit by bare bulbs. There were some dented lockers, a wire cage full of equipment, two folding chairs, and two short benches bolted to the floor. Four ancient and rust-stained sinks lined one wall, each with a tiny mirror above it. The Red Heads crowded around to paint on their glossy game makeup. There were two stall showers, two toilets of the caliber of those found in a seedy bus depot. The floor was littered with tissues and paper cups. The Red Heads were subdued, even melancholy, as they dressed in the dismal setting, although Jolene remarked that this was a perfectly normal, average dressing room by the standards of the small-town schools they visited.

Karen Logan was dressed first and began to limber up. Soon the others joined her. Suddenly the dank place was filled

with balls bouncing off the ceiling pipes, the walls, the floor, and suddenly the place seemed lighter, cleaner, prettier as the Red Heads, their bright hair shining, their red, white and blue uniforms aglow, began practicing their tricks. Now they were smiling, now one or two of them laughed. Suddenly the long drive and the dull hours in Big Whitley fell away like a dirty veil. They were playing basketball. They were happy and they took momentum from the shabby room and went into the gymnasium to play again the game they loved.

Even now as you read this, the All American Red Heads are somewhere out there. They are riding in Big Whitley, or splitting the gate receipts with student councils or faking out burbers in black anklets or sending little boys and girls into peals of laughter. They are somewhere in some small town fooling around like clowns and playing like demons. They are the best women's basketball team in North America, make no mistake.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 22-28

BASKETBALL—NBA. The Boston Celtics claimed a week that saw the Bulls turn into losers and the Knicks to Meyer by winning the Milwaukee Bucks right out of their home court advantage, 98-83, in the opener of the *Uta* series. John Havlicek, with 20 points, again was the hero of Celtic battle, just as he had been in Boston's 81st game clincher (101-84) against New York. In last year's season's 13th game, including a key back-to-back battle in the early season. Meanwhile the Bulls had triumphed Chicago 113-99 to complete their Western Conference match-up to face tonight's game. Center Kareem Abdul-Jabbar was in dominating with 38 points and 24 rebounds that Bill Coach Dick Motta remarked, "I did not go on to play against Kareem alone. I think we'd beat him, but I'm not sure." Kareem named alone in Game One with the Celtics, and though he scored 30 points, he was far from enough.

ABA. Utah overpowered Indiana 109-87 in the seventh and deciding game of the series (April 21).

BOWLING—Tucson's PAUL COLWELL, 24, averaged a record 214 in the finals to win the 24th ABA Masters tournament at Indianapolis, posting a 7-0 match-play start and beating Steve Neri of Sarasota, Fla. 967-900 in the final five-frame series.

GOLF—JOHNNY MILLER recorded his fifth win of the year in the \$200,000 tournament of Champions at Rancho La Brea, Calif., with a final-round 69 for a 72-hole total of 280, edging Ryder Addie and John Mahaffey by one stroke (April 20).

HARNESS RACING—The Directors of the Hialeah-Hialeah Society and the Hialeah-Hialeah Station, the sport's most prestigious event, took to the Du Quen (Fla.) State Fair, a decision brought on by the failure of Liberty Bell Park in Philadelphia to sign a contract to hold the race for three years.

HOCKEY—WHA. Houston defenseman John Schellinger is hardly done. First blood in the series with the Stars when the blade of his stick caught the Stars' Mike Walton scoring the first goal in the first period of Game Three. Walton scored the first goal in the first period of his own and was punished for the remainder of the night. Informed by the presence of a 41 and with a lead, Houston's defensemen scored 16,412 tying them on the Stars team to win the Houston 4-1. Game Four, witnessed by an even larger crowd, saw the Stars come back for a 4-1 victory and demolish the series at 2-2, which was about where the league investigation of the Washington Capitals' incident—standoff in the Eastern final Chicago ended in play-off score with Toronto at one game apiece when rookie Frankie Rodden gave the Capitals a 3-1 victory with

his first playoff goal. Then Chicago posted the upper hand, beating the Toronto 3-2 behind Renee Paquette's two goals.

NHL. The semifinal pendulum continued to swing expertly between Chicago and Boston. In Game Three, Joe Peppers' goal at 5:48 of overtime gave the three-goal Black Hawks tally for a 3-1 victory. Then the Bruins knocked out the Bruins at two games each with a 5-2 win at the "big ice" of the Foxboro, Ken Hodge and Wayne Gretzky scored for three goals. At week's end Boston emerged a 3-2 edge by virtue of a 6-3 decision in Game Five. In the other semifinal New York and the Philadelphia Flyers battled and head-to-head each other in a 2-2 tie in Game Three.

HORSE RACING—Horses trained by Woody Stephens captured the week's two big wins for the Kentucky Derby. Jockey (15-10) rode by Lufkin Pacey, trained by Bill Lach in the stretch to win the \$50,539 Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland by four lengths and CANNONBALL, 33-600, Angel Center to win the second length ahead of L.B.S. in the \$100,000 St. James Stakes at Churchill Downs (April 22).

HOVER SPORTS—Austria's NIKI LAUDA, driving a Ferrari, finished 32 seconds ahead of teammate Clay Regazzoni of Switzerland to win the short-circuited South Grand Prix in Madrid, Spain, which covered the 88 laps in 2:29:57, then closed as within one point of Regazzoni in the Formula 1 world-championship standings.

HUNTER—GEORGIA won the first annual Southeastern Conference championship with a 28-0 victory over Vanderbilt in the finals before 10,000 fans in Nashville, concluding a 12-0 season.

SOCCER—About 15 hours after setting his contract dispute with the Dallas Tornado at 4:30 p.m., KYLE RICHIE, JR. suited up and scored the first goal of the North American Soccer League season, leading the Tornado to a 2-1 win over St. Louis before a league record 23,904 in Texas Stadium.

TENNIS—OLGA MOROSZKOVA, of the Soviet Union upset Julie Jani King 7-6, 6-1 in the \$100,000 Virginia Slims of Philadelphia and the \$100,000 first prize.

TRACK & FIELD—North Carolina's TONY WALDRIP outkicked Denis Fides of Pennsylvania and led three other runners under four minutes to win the Penn Relays 800 Yards final mile in 3:51.2. But eighth consecutive sub-four-minute effort and the fastest mile ever run in the East.

STEVE PRUFFANTINE of the Oregon Track Club surpassed American records for six miles (20:31.7)

and 10,000 meters (27:43.8) at the University of Oregon's Trackway meet.

VOLLEYBALL—THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA-SANTA BARBARA (12-1) in league, 4-2 overall defeated Long Beach State 15-9, 15-11, 15-13 to clinch the Southern California Invitational title and become the top-ranked team for the upcoming NCAA championships.

WRESTLING—HURED. As head basketball coach at Colorado State, BILL BLATT, 40, former coach at the University of Detroit and most recently head coach at Bedford of St. Mary's High School in Detroit. Blatter became the first black head coach in Colorado's 110-year athletic history and the second in the Big League.

INDUCTED Into the National Basketball Hall of Fame, MAURICE POKROFF, 83, first president of the National Basketball Association, HARRY A. FISHER Jr., posthumously, player and coach of Columbus and later West Point, and FREDERICK SCHMIDT, 61, who completed for Kansas State in the 1930s.

NAMED. To the National Football Foundation's Hall of Fame in the Pioneer Category for players prior to 1927: HEARTLEY (DUNK) ANDERSON, North Dakota, 1910-11; PADDY DRISCOLL, Northeastern and Central Lakes, 1915-19; BILL FINCHER, Georgia Tech, 1928-29; EDWARD (BIG) ED HALEY, Michigan, 1925-26; ALD. LOUWIE, Princeton, 1921-22; BOB (TINY) MAXWELL, Chicago and Southwestern, 1924-26; FLECK (BOB) HOPKIN, Penn State, 1927-28; DR. MALCOLM STEVENS, Wake Forest, 1918-20; and Yale, 1921-22; ED (BRICK) TRAVIS, Tulane and Miami, 1916-20; KID UTLEY, Texas A.M., 1925-27; and COL. ALEX (BARE) WEYAND, Army, 1911-15.

RESCUED by head basketball coach at Maryland Eastern Shore, JOHN RAYLES, 35, to accept a similar position at Coppin State College in Baltimore, after leading the Hawks to a 27-2 record and a NET berth.

DIED. CHARLES W. (CHIC) HANLEY JR., 78, Ohio State's first three-time All-American football player (1916, 1917 and 1918) and played in one of the longest games for the Buckeyes in football's prehistory, in Marietta, Ill.

DIED. FREDERICK (CIC) WILLIAMS, 86, one of major league baseball's top sluggers, won 291 home runs for the Chicago Cubs and Philadelphia Phillies, despite playing nearly half his career in the snowed-out ball era prior to 1915, after a distinguished career as an architect, contractor and civic leader, in Eagle River, Wis.

CREDITS

2—Lisa Stewart 24—Lynn Mace, Jerry Coles, 25—Jerry Coles, Sheryl A. Long 26—7-Mike Long 28—29—Tony Long 32—John M. Long 33—Tony Long 34—Sheryl A. Long 37—John Long 38—Lynn Mace, 40—Walter A. Long 41—Lynn Stewart

FACES IN THE CROWD

LYLE WILKINS, a guard on New York City's Birch Wadsworth High basketball team, scored a record 65 points in less than 20 minutes of play against Brooklyn Friends School, connecting 29 of 38 field goals and seven of 10 free throws in the Bulldogs' 112-64 triumph.



JEANINE BURGER, a junior at the University of Massachusetts, led her team to its first Eastern women's intercollegiate gymnastics championship by taking the individual all-around title. She also placed first in the uneven bars and floor exercise.



RORY LEGACY, 12, a seventh-grader at Churchville-Chili (N.Y.) Junior High, capped an undefeated wrestling season by winning the state Junior Olympic title in the 75-pound class. Rory began competing five years ago and has a career record of 46-1.



TOMMY LA GROIX, 10, a fourth-grader at Armstrong Elementary School in Rayne, La. won the Outstanding Boyer award and the Silver Glove title in the 35-pound class at a meet in New Orleans. Tommy, who has been fighting for three years, has a record of 40-1.



GARY TIMBERLAKE, a senior at Lexington (N.C.), High, swept all five state tennis championships in which he was eligible, which is why he received the first women's athletic scholarship in the history of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.



FLORIAN HENDERSON, a 5'10" senior forward on the Livingston (Texas) High School girls' basketball team, scored 726 points in 27 games this season—accounting for 46.2% of the Lions' total points. He led his school to the district title.

**"Let's call him
Long Distance
and cut through
the red tape."**

SOMETIMES LETTERS JUST DON'T DO IT.



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WHO'S ON FIRST?

Sir:

Regarding the controversy over sexually integrated sports, let me add my voice to those of the girls who plead to be allowed to play Little League baseball (*New George-Park News*, April 22). As a child, I was supposed to be sickly and was never permitted to play with the boys in the streets of New York City, where I grew up. As a married woman, 28 years old, a fan of the Yankees, the Knicks and many other teams, I have only now, with the help and encouragement of my husband, discovered the joy and invigorating feeling of running, playing volleyball and everything else I might want to try.

It is too late for me to go back and reclaim those lost times, those long summers on the city streets with nothing to do but play hopscotch and jump rope. Those games were fun but they certainly don't compare with running headlong at something or someone with a goal in mind.

Please let the girls play, don't deny them

this joy. I can assure you that we'll all be better and freer for it.

BO ROSENBERG

New York City

Sir:

For many years the girls in my high school have been trying to get equal rights in sports. In the beginning we were put down and laughed at. Now we are supported and, finally, we are in league competition. Each team has uniforms, officials and everything else boys' sports have. We are still not as strong as number as we would like to be, but we are working at that.

There are injuries, but not bad ones. Not one girl has gotten breast cancer from being hit in the chest with field hockey balls, basketballs, softballs or lacrosse balls. Plenty of girls get hit with lacrosse balls, which are thrown harder than baseballs. Everyone has survived. Considering that girls do not wear any protective equipment in lacrosse we are supposed to act like ladies. I do not see why girls in baseball should be in

any more danger of getting hurt than boys are. If girls want to play baseball, they should be allowed to.

FAYE MILLER

New Hyde Park, N.Y.

Sir:

I don't think girls should play in Little League. Little League prepares boys to play in higher leagues when they get older, and if girls can't play in those older leagues, why should they play in Little League?

BOB MULLER

Marinette, Calif.

Sir:

I can see it now. Women will be suing major league baseball teams to allow them to play. I can imagine some of the problems: partitioned showers, women complaining that the colors of their uniforms clash with the color of their eyes, and people like Leo Danocher, Ralph Houk and Billy Martin taking etiquette lessons so as not to offend the ladies. And please the arguments in the

If it takes more than a Jeep CJ-5...



Pirate clubhouse. Poor Dock Ellis would have to fight for rights to the hair curlers.

MARK G. PRESTON

Norwalk, Conn.

Sir:

Frank Deford expressed both sides of the problem without partiality. My view is that girls should not be allowed to play. I know, as a Little Leaguer myself, that I would be uneasy with a girl around

PHIL ST. ONGE

Winslow, Maine

Sir:

Once again girls are forced to go to court and fight for something that has been provided for boys almost as an inalienable right. How many communities have gone to great expense and effort to organize Little League teams, complete with pro-style uniforms, manicured fields and elaborate equipment, and then put up a sign saying "Boys Only"? In many areas no similar activity was provided for girls. Now the Little League and those local communities must answer for their neglect.

LYDIA L. HENSHAW

Cape Canaveral, Fla.

Sir:

I feel that girls should have sports programs equal to the boys'. However, I don't think girls should be allowed to participate in boys' programs. Take a look at Charlie Brown's baseball team, he has girls on his team and has never won a game.

PAT WILSON

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

RELIVING THE MOMENT

Sir:

What a tremendous article by George Plimpton to describe a tremendous achievement by Henry Aaron (*Final Twist of the Drama*, April 22)! Rarely have I been so engrossed in a sports story. It was the human drama of athletics most capably captured in print. Thank you.

ANNA L. GILBREATH

Washington, D.C.

COMMENTATORS

Sir:

I have a feeling that other TV football fans may share my reaction to *The Deflection of Dandy Don* (April 22). We love the game, we know the game and we enjoy watching good teams play the game. Whether we are

watching live or on the tube, our concentration is intense, and excessive talking during the game is discouraged. Generally we are indifferent to the constant and often irrelevant chatter by some TV sportscasting "personalities." As for last year's Monday night crew, Don Meredith (brief, humorous and nondistracting) was the easiest to take. He is a man I would enjoy knowing or having for a neighbor, and I wish him luck in his search for a meaningful future. As to whom ABC gets to replace him—it won't matter that much to those of us who are watching the game.

DICK BOERLIN

West Chester, Pa.

Sir:

In your article Don Meredith says, "When an 8-year-old comes over to play with a 6-year-old's father, something has gone wrong somewhere." Something has also gone wrong when millions of football fans tune in The Monday Night Football Show to listen to the "freaks" rather than to watch the game. As Shakespeare (or was it Howard Cosell?) said, "The play's the thing."

LANNY R. MIDDINGS

San Ramon, Calif.

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

Sir:

I am amazed at the incredible concert of
Roone Arledge, Howard Cosell and Frank
Gifford. They seem to attribute the magic
success of Monday night football to their
particular powers. Has it ever occurred to
any of them that this success is due to the
convenience of the day and hour for the lis-
tening public?

Let's face it. The Monday night show
would be a howling success if Billy Graham
were the commentator.

GENE DENNERY

Maglewood, N.J.

MASTERS

Sir:

My thanks to the incomparable Dan Jen-
kins for his article on the Masters (*Wec Gary
Singer His Trap*, April 22). He captured the
texture of this year's event beautifully. I be-
lieve he wrote some time ago that "golf need
not be grim." His writing usually reflects this
philosophy with his unique brand of wit and
style.

There was a special quality to this piece
that I particularly enjoyed—in short, his giv-
ing credit to a fine player, Gary Player in
this case, without being patronizing. It was
a simple acknowledgment of excellent golf
played by a number of men under the ex-
traordinary pressures of the Masters.

BOB DICKSON

Tulsa

Sir:

I have been reading SI for the past eight
years, and even though I have enjoyed many
well-written articles from your staff, none
can compare with Dan Jenkins' assessment
of the Masters and especially of Gary Play-
er. Here is a man who only a little over a
year ago underwent major abdominal sur-
gery, and it was doubtful whether he ever
would be able to swing a golf club the way
he had in the past. He found out he couldn't,
so he had to completely readjust his swing.
It is such as if Henry Aaron had had to com-
pletely revamp his home-run swing after
hitting 713 homers.

Gary Player could have retired after his
operation with six major titles and he would
have gone down in golfing annals as one of
the greatest. But his goal is to win a second
slam. He is a U.S. Open away from it and,
knowing the intensity with which he plays
the game, I would not be surprised if he won
it this year.

Jenkins put it aptly when he said that Play-
er has given "much of himself back to the
sport." Gary has done this not only through
hours of hard work and thousands of miles
of travel, but through the abundance of
thrills he has provided for us, the golfing fans
of America.

RICK KANTOR

Dayton

continued



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10TH HOLE *Arnold*

AUGUSTA

Sir:

The article by Roy Blount Jr. on Augusta's reaction to the Masters golf tournament is superb and the sketches by Arnold Roth capture the flavor of the place (*Two Views of an After*, April 15). I was also delighted to read in *LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER* that Mr. Roth discovered Miss Ruby's Lunch; as a lifelong resident of Augusta I have found Miss Ruby's to have very fine food at very reasonable prices.

However, the black population of Augusta is not only does not share in the prosperity of Augusta during Masters Week, this state of affairs prevails the other 51 weeks of the year as well. That is one reason for the riot of May 11, 1970. Progress has been made but there is still a long way to go.

Still, I like your comment "A cheerful look at a nice town." That says it all.

WALTER R. GARETT

Stone Mountain, Ga.

Sir:

When Bobby Jones first located the Masters in Augusta, he made one of the best of his many wise moves. In that day, Augusta was a thriving tourist city, the longest overnight train ride from the snows of New York and Washington. It had three fine tourist hotels, and the tourist trade well-nursed the Masters through its swaddling days. Then came the jet planes, which made Miami a suburb of New York. Augusta's tourist trade vanished. Later, the city switched to industry, and that's where it is now.

In the meantime the Masters has outgrown the need for Augusta, except as an overnight stop. As far as contact with the average citizen of Augusta is concerned, the Masters might as well be held in Troon, Scotland. Unless a citizen has exceptional status, even money will not gain him access to its sacred confines.

As for the dignity and good breeding of the crowds at the Masters, at which your reporter marvels, they are merely hordes from the past when the Masters "belonged" to Augusta.

G. T. CHAMBERLAIN

Augusta

Sir:

True, the Masters golf tournament is Augusta's most publicized feature, but it is not its most illustrious feature. Roy Blount would have found this out had he gotten out and around the city a little more than he apparently did. As an Anginitian I am proud of the Masters, but I am also proud of the azaleas in spring, the Miracle Mile, the Hall (Summersville), the camellias and the great strides the city has taken in its development in the past 10 years. Augusta is a growing city, not the hokey little town portrayed by Mr. Blount. I can remember when you had

continued

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15TH HOLE

to be an honor student in order to be excused from school to work the scoreboards. This was not very long ago. I also cannot help but wonder about Mr. Blount's remark about Bush Field. It is a country club air terminal and one of the best kept and most beautiful terminals in the Empire State of the South. I should know. I used to work there.

Bill Moss

Temore, Calif

BIG BEND

Sir:

Bob Shrake's *Rapids Round the Bend* (April 15) is a nostalgic stab in the memory for some of us native Texans who are trapped out of state and who long to get back to the open spaces. Knowing that West Texas and its secrets still exist, however, makes looking out the window of my eighth-floor office at the panorama of the District of Columbia a little less disheartening.

It was easy, because of Shrake's alternating enthusiasm and emotional stress and his wry sense of humor, for me to empathize with him, especially since I, too, have undertaken similar intrapart trips without knowing half of what I was getting into. I think his story is bound to hit similar nerves as everyone else who reads it.

Thanks for giving me and others like me the opportunity to get back to where we would like to be. It is articles like this one that make the *Sirens* sing just a little bit louder.

Tom Shelton

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Edwin Shrake's article was an exciting description of the thrills and beauty offered by the lower canyons of the Rio Grande River. This magnificently wild river most certainly deserves to be preserved.

The Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, a division of the U.S. Department of Interior, recently released a report on a study of this section of the Rio Grande as a potential unit of the National Wild and Scenic Rivers System. They recommend that a 158-mile stretch be added to the system. Hearings were held on the report, and a final version plus an Environmental Impact Statement will be out soon.

After the final Bureau of Outdoor Recreation Report is published, it will be up to the U.S. Congress to decide if the river should be added to the Wild and Scenic Rivers System. Senator Lloyd Bentsen of Texas has introduced a bill (S. 1750) that would accomplish this.

Bill Painter
Director
American Rivers
Conservation Council

Washington, D.C.

continued

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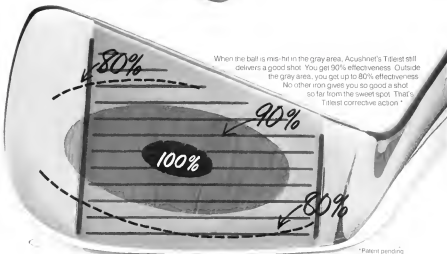
Recently Acushnet's Titleist irons were tested against four competitors: PGA (Ryder Cup II), Wilson 1200, Lynx, and Spalding Top-Flite. All these clubs claim

heel and toe performance. But when #3 irons were tested with the mechanical golfer, Titleist out-performed them by far. When the ball was hit a full inch off the centroid (sweet spot), the Titleist iron sent the ball a full six yards farther than the nearest competitor. Twelve yards farther than the worst of the competitors. That could be the difference between the middle of the pond and the fringe of the green.

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19TH HOLE (continued)

STATE BUGS

Sir,

Concerning your item in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* ("Times That Try Men's Souls," April 15), I feel that if the insects of Pennsylvania deserve national recognition, so do the bugs of Massachusetts. In an attempt to have Massachusetts become only the second state in the Union to have a state bug (Maryland is the first, with the Baltimore checkerspot butterfly as its official anthropoid symbol), 35 second-graders dressed as lady bugs descended upon the State House to lobby for a bill wiping the adoption of the lady bug as the state bug. Led by Mrs. Palma Johnson of the Kennedy School in Franklin, Mass., the schoolchildren presented a very convincing argument to the House. Despite the efforts of some to have the lady bug renamed the person bug (Women's Lib is everywhere), at last report the bill was on Governor Francis Sargent's desk, awaiting his signature.

It comes as refreshing news to me that with all the bugging being done these days, 35 second-graders have found a way to do it all above-board, in a legal and constructive manner. Mrs. Johnson and her students are to be heartily commended.

THOMAS M. McONAGHAN

Notre Dame, Ind.

JUNK (CONT.)

Sir,

I thought your article on fish being attracted to junk (*Our Fishy Friends Eat Junkies*, April 8) was interesting for two reasons. The first is that after a sunken log that served as fish junk in Higgins Lake (Roscommon, Mich.) disappeared several years ago, my Uncle Earl took to depositing junk, among which were a stove, a refrigerator, a set of old bedsprings, car tires, etc. And, sure enough, rock bass, smallmouthed bass, perch and trout showed up at what became the principal fishing spot in a lake that previously had a reputation for giving a fisherman little more than mosquito bites.

The second reason is that according to my findings, Biologist Richard Stone's main concern should be the maintaining and bolstering of the standing population of fish stocks, not fish. One of the hazards of fishing these junkyards is that the prospective fisherman spends most of his time slogging anything and everything except a fish. The frustration stemming from this is considerable and caused my uncle upon his return from a recent trip to matter (between obsecutates). "If you think this bass is big, you should have seen the stove that got away."

SEAN McHEGAN

Alfred, N.Y.

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